THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 16, 1968 35 cents

Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

THE CENSORSHIP WAR

What Moscow Fears ALEXANDER WERTH

An Ounce of Lead
Gunning for Senator Church

MICHAEL McCRERY

Philanthropy

THE GOLDEN CROWBAR

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN

POETS ON POETRY

w Poems by FERLINGHETTI, JAMES WRIGHT, JOSEPHINE MILES, LOGAN, BELITT, HAINES

vs of SYLVIA PLATH, SEFERIS, KINNELL, BLACKBURN, SNODGRASS, MERWIN

12-17-68X CL9-643
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

hodgepodge system

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In a country that fairly teems with able political executives, the best our hodgepodge nominating system can come up with is two men whose main experience has been in the flunky job of Vice President.

Virtually every competent commentator has deplored the present system. Can anyone tell me if there is any movement actively working to create nation-wide Presidential primaries? If not, I'd like to start one.

Tertius Chandler

on conservation

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: In their otherwise excellent article ["Conservation for Survival," *The Nation,* Aug. 26], Robert and Leona Rienow imply that increases in the incidence of infectious hepatitis and mononucleosis may be consequences of river pollution.

While it is true that hepatitis can be transmitted via human excreta, and recent outbreaks have been caused by ingestion of shellfish from contaminated waters, the statements concerning mononucleosis seem not to be based on fact. There is no "rising tide" of mononucleosis, so far as I am aware; it has always been an extremely common disease. It is quite misleading to identify mononucleosis as "resembling leukemia." Though the clinical and blood manifestations may indeed be similar, the courses are vastly different: all varieties of leukemia are eventually fatal, while mononucleosis resembles the common cold in being generally mild though technically incurable. Recovery is almost universal, and death from mononucleosis essentially a medical curiosity. Most important of all, there is no evidence that the transmission of the disease is in any way related to water pollution. In fact, though recent research seems to be confirming the long-held suspicion that the disease is caused by a virus, the mode of spread remains a mystery. . . .

I have a vested interest neither in the continued propagation of mononucleosis nor in water pollution. The importance and validity of the Rienows' arguments will in no way be diminished by attention to this kind of small detail, but in view of the prevalence of the disorder among young adults (who may well account for a substantial proportion of the readership of *The Nation*), it is probably worth while to quell the notion that mononucleosis is a major or growing threat to health.

Victor R. Lavis, M.D.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: A classic demonstration of "the pitiful incompetence of both industry and government to protect the natural heritage or safeguard the future" is the despoilment of the natural beauty of the famed Santa Barbara coastline and channel and the devastating certainty of pollution on a wide scale.

Recent auction of drilling leases in coastal waters brought the unprecedented amount of almost $700 million into the federal treasury from a combination of the major oil companies. Very shortly oil drilling platforms sprouted like mushrooms offshore in the channel and inevitably oil spillage accidents began. One nasty one off Gaviota killed millions of baby lobsters overnight. And now adding insult to injury, Humble Oil Co. (Standard of N.J.) proposes to build oil processing and storage plants upon the shore. . . . A taxbase conscious Board of Supervisors

(Continued on page 243)

EDITORIALS

The Blowout

Reporting in *The New York Times* on the reactions of Chicago South Side Negroes to the Democratic National Convention, Earl Caldwell found a total lack of enthusiasm, but not a lack of awareness. "Certain people don't say anything," a newsstand operator remarked, "but that doesn't mean they are not listening and watching." An older man picked up a paper at the stand, viewed the headline predicting the nomination of Vice President Humphrey, and said: "It looks like a blowout. We're without a light. We got nobody to look up to now. No father, no mother, no brother, no sister. Who we got to look up to now?"

Caldwell has no comment, but that man must have been hoping for something better—McCarthy, Ted Kennedy? He is not alone in his depression. In politics, as in war, however, one cannot afford to be discouraged by one defeat or even a succession of defeats. The United States is still a going concern and it must be governed. Barring a conversion in the religious sense (which would also be a miracle in the political sense), neither Richard Nixon nor Hubert Humphrey is capable of governing it. So the people will have to protect their interests, by pressure on whoever wins in November, through new leaders or leaders chosen from among those who lost in Miami and Chicago, and by the re-election of such Senators as Morse, Clark, McGovern, Fulbright, Church (see article page 233), and the election of such Senatorial nominees as Gilligan (Ohio), Cranston (California) and O'Dwyer (New York) and as many trustworthy Representatives as possible.

To leave Nixon or Humphrey to their own devices (forgetting Wallace for the moment) would also be to leave the country where it is now—and that's pretty much the way the man who bought the paper described it. After that, things would get even worse; if anyone thinks that the worst is already here, he must be euphoric.

For this prognosis one need only examine the two candidates. There is a curious likeness. Both have been Vice President. Both are supreme opportunists, though in their physiognomy and public behavior they reveal it in different ways—Humphrey by volubility, Nixon by the craftiness that led to the question raised during the 1960 campaign: "Would you buy a used car from this man?" Both are in essential agreement on foreign policy, including Vietnam. Both, to a significant degree, owe their nominations to the Dixiecrats, Nixon to a coalition led by Thurmond and Tower, Humphrey to Smathers, Ellington, Connally, et al. Both were organization favorites; they served the machine and the machine served them.

In a sense, both won by default, Humphrey because he avoided the primaries and Nixon because he had no real opposition until it was too late. Neither man is genuinely popular with the general public, and not even particularly popular within his own party, except with the wheelers and dealers. Both catered to the power centers in their respective parties, and one feels they would have made

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even more discreditable concessions if they had deemed them necessary. Both are masters of the cliché and the "balanced" statement—on the one hand, but then on the other—designed to make everybody feel good and extract the maximum number of votes from the undecided.

Humphrey's rhetoric is full-blown; he will promise more and promise it more emotionally. Nixon puts on the deliberate manner of the elder statesman. Humphrey will hornswoggle the Democratic Left, while Nixon will do the same with the Republican Right. Those wooed and betrayed in both cases may have more than an inkling of what is being done to them but will feel it is the best they can get. The two candidates might well have run as a "coalition" ticket—either Nixon and Humphrey or Humphrey and Nixon, the order would not have mattered much. In the event of a divided Congress, there is already talk of a possible need for a government of "national unity" after the election.

The basic trouble with these two, and with those who pitted them against each other, is that they are out of touch with current realities, with the troubled times, with the future. Neither can communicate with the young, with the blacks, or with that large army of voters who feel alienated from both parties. Their credibility gaps are enormous to start with. What voter with a normal endowment of intelligence can take at face value Humphrey's promises, knowing that he is beholden to Johnson, Daley, the satraps of the AFL-CIO, the South? Who can put trust in Nixon on the basis of his record and of his well-deserved disrepute? The basic function of the President of the United States is to inspire the nation and bring out the best that is in it. It is absurd on its face to expect leadership of that sort from either of these men.

It may be said that we have got the nominees we deserve—a half-truth at best. While neither party is endowed with giants, both had men who stood head and shoulders above the two who were chosen. We deserved better, much better, and given an honest, responsive system of selection we could have had it. As it is, it will be a strain on the country's patience and forbearance to maintain a workable cohesion until our politics can be brought into consonance with the times.

Autopsy on Chicago

Vice President Humphrey, who now aspires to be President and for the first time in four years to be his own man, has proved that the latter ambition is vain. In an effort to divert attention from the disaster of Mayor Daley's performance in Chicago which he—Humphrey—condones, he has suggested that it was a case of violence leading to violence "on both sides." He feels sad about it, but his grief is overlaid with strictures on "self-appointed, self-righteous persons" who resort to force to press their claims.

This is far, far wide of the mark. The basic pattern of what happened in Chicago is all too clear. Daley staged a rehearsal of the action in putting down the peace demonstrations on April 27. In effect this was a warning that no demonstrations would be tolerated during the con-

IN THIS ISSUE

September 16, 1968

EDITORIALS

226

ARTICLES

230 The Censorship War: What Moscow Fears — *Alexander Werth*

233 An Ounce of Lead: Gunning for Senator Church — *Michael McCrery*

235 Philanthropy: The Golden Crowbar — *George G. Kirstein*

240 The World's Most Harassed Fish — *Anthony Netboy*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

244 The Bear in the Poet in the Bear — *John Logan*

245 Plath: A Terrible Perfection — *Gary Kissick*

246 The Search (poem) — *John Logan*

247 A Line to the City — *Allen Planz*

248 Seferis the Greek — *John Arthos*

250 Five Poems:

An Elegy for the Poet Morgan Blum — *James Wright*

The Well-Dwellers — *Ben Belitt*

America — *John Haines*

The Secret Meaning of Things — *Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

If You Will — *Josephine Miles*

252 Public Intimacy — *Jerome Mazzaro*

253 Death Camps of the Free World — *Robert Hass*

255 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor HELEN YGLESIAS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; **Poetry Editor,** JOHN LOGAN; **Theatre,** HAROLD CLURMAN; **Art,** MAX KOZLOFF; **Music,** BENJAMIN BORETZ; **Science,** CARL DREHER; **Advertising Manager,** MARY SIMON.

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; **Paris,** ALEXANDER WERTH; **London,** RAYMOND WILLIAMS; **Bonn,** C. AMERY; **Canberra,** C. P. FITZGERALD; **United Nations,** ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 for foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION *Volume 207* *No. 8*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vention. We pointed this out at the time, and in our issue of August 26, published before the convention opened, we ran an editorial titled "Daley Asks for Trouble," based on the report, "Dissent and Disorder," which had been issued by a committee of distinguished citizens of Chicago. This report also anticipated trouble, and constituted a clear warning of what was likely to occur. Daley must have seen it, but it had no more effect than a peashooter against the hide of a rhinoceros.

Mr. Humphrey's neutrality served its purpose—to keep him in the good graces of the Mayor, but it was a falsification of the facts. As Tom Wicker wrote in *The New York Times*, "violence did not breed counter-violence in Chicago—not in any sense justifying what the police did." Wicker points out that the demonstrators had petitioned for weeks to get permission for a peaceful march on the convention hall and a demonstration outside it. Had this permission been granted, the wind would have been taken out of the sails of those who wanted a confrontation with the police.

But when Daley chose repression, it was he and the Chicago police who forced a confrontation. The result was the obscene spectacle that millions of Americans witnessed on TV and that Humphrey could see from his hotel window. He has said, in chorus with Daley and Daley's apologists, that the police were verbally abused before they resorted to their clubs. No doubt they suffered this injury, which in every disciplined police force in the country, controlled by a level-headed civilian administration, is shrugged off. A policeman is not a civilian in a bar, easily aroused by any insult. He is expected to defend himself against physical assault, not taunts and jeers, however uncomplimentary. The police themselves, like soldiers, generally use language that would be out of place in a drawing room. To side with them on this ground is hypocritical nonsense.

A notable aspect of the disgraceful scenes in Chicago is that Negroes took very little part in the demonstrations. They had good reason for staying in their ghettos. As several of them said to reporters: "They wanted us to make a move so that they could shoot us down."

The assaults of the police on newsmen have aroused the anger of all but the most reactionary papers, and with good reason. Some thirty reporters and photographers were injured. They were simply doing their job of informing the public; they surely had not violated the sensitive dignity of the Chicago police force, but they were beaten just the same.

The large-circulation magazines and wire services have propagated a false image of Daley as the gruff but honest and good-hearted leader who has "built Chicago." What they have neglected is that he is a Neanderthal type who has cost the city dear in the way he ran the convention and repressed protest. One of the reasons he wanted the convention in Chicago was to drum up business in the form of future conventions. Instead, the Chicago tourist bureau is getting cancellations. But that is the least of it. If Chicagoans continue to tolerate him, one of these days he will precipitate a disaster on a scale which will make the events of August seem like a tea party.

The Fear of Violence

On the face of it, the confrontationists, the activists, won the "Battle of Chicago," but they won it in large part because Daley played the game their way. He defended his police force on the ground that whereas a few might have overreacted, the great majority behaved judiciously. This is belied by the television pictures and the testimony of impartial eyewitnesses. Many people who have been skeptical of the charges of "police brutality" which follow every encounter will henceforth be less skeptical.

But this applies only to the humane, fair-minded, articulate minority. There is another segment, perhaps a majority of the adult population, who think that clubbing is too good for hippies, yippies and dissenters in general. George Wallace knows them well. There are even political morons who declared themselves for McCarthy but said if they couldn't get him they were going to vote for Wallace. It is this section of the population—and all the millions of apathetic, family-centered Americans—that leaders like Tom Hayden and the more moderate but equally determined David Dellinger must watch out for. There is a point beyond which this group will no longer remain apathetic.

They are already frightened, but so far well below the panic level. However, if confrontation-style politics increases in magnitude and violence, they will reach the flash point. This is where a most serious reaction may (predictably will) set in. A current book, *Urban Riots: Violence and Social Change*, published by the Academy of Political Science at Columbia University, should be required reading for militants and activists. The major theme, according to Henry Raymont of *The New York Times*, is "a rebuttal of the radical assertion that the United States is entering a revolutionary phase." Several of the contributors warned that an increase in Negro violence "could lead to a further polarization in American politics, even to 'an American style of fascism.'" This applies equally to white revolutionists.

Mayor Daley has his supporters as well as his detractors. Nelson Algren, who knows Chicago about as well as anyone can, said in reference to Daley: "I don't think the clubbing represents one man. I think it represents a majority of the people of Chicago. If an election were held today, he'd win."

This may seem preposterous to what Mencken called "the civilized minority," but votes and firearms are also in the hands of the majority, call them what you like. Daley, says Algren, "would win out of fear—out of the fear of violence. He is the guy who will get the police out—and I think most people vote that way. He is a big property man, and the city is full of little property people." They don't mind violence—as long as they are not the victims.

The Nation does not presume to advise revolutionists. They must follow their star. But, in their own interest and that of their movement, they should realize what the odds are and base their strategy on realities, not on the way they would like things to be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hilton Hotel Incident

The unprovoked blitzkrieg police attacks on the pacifist crowd and bystanders in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago on the third day of the Democratic convention can adequately be compared only to the Nazi use of Black Shirts during Hitler's rise to power in Germany.

In the Hilton assault it is significant to report that the victims included guests of the hotel, elderly bystanders and women and children who had the misfortune to be standing behind the police barriers outside the picture window of the Haymarket Inn. After first assaulting the pacifist demonstrators, the police turned on this group of witnesses and pressed their club-wielding attack so severely that, in panic, the bystanders pressed back until they crashed through the window. But their glass-spiked, bloody escape route was cut off inside when the police flanked them by running around into the restaurant and began beating the people who had fallen through the window. At this point one young man was dragged through the revolving doors of the hotel and beaten until his face turned into an unrecognizable mass of loose pulp. Another victim was forced into a partially opened section of the revolving door and beaten through the crack until he fell into a heap on the floor. He was then swept out of the hotel by a man pushing the door around.

In Chicago, the law-and-order standard became particularly ironic when the great majority of the crowds that were being assaulted by the police remained true to their credo of nonviolence. In the heat of the rape, even veteran newsmen lost their cool and began screaming at the police from the safety of an awning that hung over the scene in the street. But even after the first line of protesters had been peeled off—by clubbings and knees to the groin—the next row remained firm and refused to defend themselves, with what few weapons the street is able to provide.

Still the police pressed forward with their sticks, their well-practiced karate chops, and their boots until finally they themselves fell back exhausted with the efforts of their administered beatings. Soon afterward the Chicago police were replaced by the National Guard. Remarkably, the uniformed soldiers were cheered.

The Orwellian factor in this practical example of the law-and-order fixation which is now being touted by the two major Presidential candidates, as well as by the Wallace-Daley types, is that in the name of law and order the basic freedoms of a large minority of people are being suppressed. In the name of law and order the police attacked peaceful demonstrators, putting down their right to assembly and halting their freedom of speech, and by brutal attacks on scores of newsmen they attempted to muzzle the press.

If they did this while the whole world was watching, what might they have done if they had been off camera? If their unprovoked attacks were carried out with the intention of triggering a violent response from a nonviolent crowd, to what lengths might they have gone if the crowd had responded with violence, or even if they had defended themselves?

THOMAS W. PEW, JR.
Editor, *Troy Daily News*

The Shame of Chicago

It is provocative to have *every* Chicago policeman wear a riot helmet.

It is provocative to display machine guns—against whom would they be used?

It is provocative to have National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets.

It is provocative to arrest the chairman of a state delegation for inserting the wrong card in the security machine.

It is provocative to plan for 100,000 demonstrators and then not change those plans when the number is a few thousand instead.

No one faults all the policemen. They worked long hours and the provocations were great. At the same time they cannot be judged by the standards we apply to the rioters. As a city we are entitled to expect more restraint, judgment and commitment to law and order from the policemen than from law breakers.

History has tragically shown that the police state begins by terrorist tactics against the press. No reasonable person can doubt that television and other members of the press were calculated targets of some police officers.

What went on in the streets of Chicago—at Lincoln Park and at Grant Park—is the tragedy and shame of our city. What went on at the Amphitheatre was more subtle but no less oppressive. The number of delegates, news people, staff people for the various candidates, and observers who complained about the "pushing around" and humiliating experiences suffered at the Amphitheatre make it clear that the atmosphere was not conducive to the free discussions and movements necessary to a deliberative body.

ABNER J. MIKVA
Democratic Candidate for U.S. Congressman
2nd C. D. Chicago

Drinking Drivers

When the U.S. Department of Transportation was established in 1966, one of the stickier problems facing Lyndon Johnson was the selection of the director of the National Traffic Safety Bureau. His choice was Dr. William Haddon, Jr.

Dr. Haddon's reputation in traffic safety rested almost entirely on a report he had written which linked traffic fatalities to drinking. The drunken-driver theme has always been a favorite of the auto industry, since it focuses attention on driver irresponsibility and deflects it from the unsafe cars produced by Detroit. Clearly, then, the industry found Dr. Haddon acceptable.

This summer the traffic-safety field is experiencing a feeling of *déjà vu* in the wake of Dr. Haddon's latest report, a rewritten and expanded version of his earlier

Coming in an Early Issue

Life Insurance: The Immaculate Deception
by G. Scott Reynolds
author of *The Mortality Merchants.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report. The chief message is the same: Drinking drivers are responsible for a large percentage of traffic fatalities. Again attention is focused on irresponsible drivers, and a smoke screen is thrown over unsafe cars.

Shortly after this latest report was released, Dr. Haddon went to a safety seminar at the General Motors Proving Grounds at Milford, Mich. General Motors welcomed Dr. Haddon to Milford, where members of the national press could interview him about the dangers of drinking drivers. One GM vice president, speaking of the National Traffic Safety Agency, told the automotive editor of the *Boston Globe*: "Haddon is the best man for the job, no matter if we have a change of administration next fall."

In his "new" report, Dr. Haddon points to the drop in British traffic fatalities and injuries since the institution there of a crackdown on drinking drivers. True, the British have had success in the first five months of the program, but it is too soon to tell whether it will hold up. Traditionally, campaigns against drinking drivers have initial success, but then everything slips back to where it was before. In addition, the stringency of the British measures—and presumably of any U.S. program which might be successful—is such as to raise questions about the violation of civil liberties.

The problem of drinking drivers is real, but it should not be so emphasized as to divert attention from the cars themselves. The auto industry should be compelled to build cars that will protect—to the maximum degree that engineering can devise—all passengers and drivers, including those who have been drinking.

THE CENSORSHIP WAR

WHAT MOSCOW FEARS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, August 28

As I write, it is more than a week since Soviet troops and the troops of their faithful allies—East Germany, Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria—have entered Czechoslovakia in response to a pressing and desperate appeal by "a group of members of the Central Committee of the Czech Communist party, of the Czech Government, and of the Czech National Assembly" to render urgent help, including military help, to the Czechs against the counterrevolution threatening them.

I have before me a copy of *Pravda* dated August 22, with its editorial called "We Are Faithful to our Brotherly Duty"; its *Tass* communiqué stating that the Czechs have taken the entry of the allied troops into their country calmly, and that "many Czechoslovak citizens are expressing their gratitude to these troops"; the above "appeal" by the "group"; and then sixteen columns—yes, sixteen—enumerating the reasons why it was the sacred "international duty" of Czechoslovakia's allies to "defend socialism" in that country.

Today we learn that the National Assembly of Czechoslovakia has *unanimously* rejected the so-called Moscow Agreements signed after four agonizing days and nights of negotiations by the Soviet and Czechoslovak delegations, the latter headed by President Svoboda. This in itself is sufficient to show that *no* member of the National Assembly signed the appeal which, in fact, does not bear a single signature. In short, it is on the basis of this unsigned and anonymous fabrication that the Russians and their allies invaded Czechoslovakia on August 21.

Invasions have, in the past, been based on forgeries, the most famous example being Bismarck's EMS Telegram which started the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. But for sheer cynicism and impudence and utter lack of plausibility there is nothing to equal the "reasons" given by the Russians for the invasion—not even the "reasons" given by Hitler for his countless invasions of other countries, with Nazi mouthings that "the Poles attacked us," the Russians attacked us," etc.

One things is clear. The Kremlin leaders, or rather, those whose invasion plan was finally adopted, completely miscalculated their chances. They assumed that the Czechs would "accept" the occupation (with the same Good Soldier Schweik shrug of the shoulders) as they had "accepted" Hitler's invasion of Bohemia and Moravia in March, 1939, and that the establishment of a puppet government (if not under Novotny, then at least under some Novotnyite) would be a matter of a few hours. But the Nazi invasion of 1939 and the Russian invasion of 1968 had entirely different contexts. By 1939 Czechoslovakia had become utterly hopeless and demoralized by the Munich betrayal six months earlier, and by the consciousness that nobody would help the Czechs against Hitler. Today the Czechs know that they are not alone; that their passive resistance has not only the sympathy of the whole world; that the invasion represents a deathblow to the "world Communist movement," headed by Moscow, and that the time may not be far off when Moscow will have to think up a good excuse for pulling out of Czechoslovakia. The alternative would be an endless, ruthless occupation by the invaders, complete with massacres, a Russian-directed police terror and overcrowded prisons and concentration camps.

But the Czechs did not prove fatalistic this time, and although President Svoboda and Alexander Dubcek did not have the physical means of fighting the Russian armed forces, they knew that the overwhelming majority were absolutely hostile to the Russian invaders. The Russians, in taking their fateful decision, imagined that at least a substantial part of the country would show, if not joy, at least a relative indifference and resignation toward Russia's "brotherly help," and that a quisling would turn up without much difficulty. There is no denying the existence of potential quislings in Czechoslovakia; in any country am-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bitious scoundrels can be found in such circumstances. But the reason nobody volunteered to set up a Russian puppet government lay precisely in the fact that the whole of Czechoslovak public opinion would have regarded any such government as utterly odious and unacceptable.

The Russians started by locking up Dubcek and some of the other, more "dangerous," liberal Czech leaders, and agreed to President Svoboda's offer to go to Moscow. Here one is reminded of another precedent. On March 14, 1939, Hitler summoned the senile President Hácha to Berlin where he was bullied and threatened for hours to sign away the post-Munich Czechoslovakia (or, rather, Bohemia and Moravia) as a German protectorate. If he refused, Goering's *Luftwaffe* would annihilate Prague that very night. This was not the threat the Russians could utter; the repercussions of an A- or H-bomb on Prague would have been too unpredictable. But they tried to bully Svoboda, accompanied as he was by some Czech "conservatives," into a far-reaching surrender. Svoboda, however, said he could not take any such responsibility unless Dubcek, head of the party, Cernik, head of the government, and Smrkovsky, speaker of the National Assembly, took part in the Moscow talks. All these had to be let out of jail and flown to Moscow.

We shall perhaps, at a future time, have the full record of the four days and nights the Czechs spent at the Kremlin in "negotiations." We might then also know more accurately who the Russian "hawks" were, and whether there were any "doves" on the Russian side. This is a question that is directly related to the next—and probably altogether inevitable—changes in the Soviet party leadership.

The very fact that the Russians had to accept Dubcek, Smrkovsky and Cernik, together with President Svoboda, as the most authorized Czech representatives is in itself a Russian setback of the greatest magnitude. The Czechs, it is true, negotiated under duress; they had to accept a "temporary" occupation of their country by Russian and "allied" troops; they had to impose a censorship on the press, radio and TV "as regards news and comments concerning the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries." By imposing the "Moscow Agreements," on Svoboda, Dubcek and the others, the Russians carried out an action very similar to Hitler's "Hácha operation."

When the Czech delegation was in Moscow, the Czechs embarked on an extraordinary act of passive resistance, while their press and radio, though hounded and hunted by the Russians, carried out one of the most spectacular morale-maintaining acts in the history of radio.

It is too early to say how many people—including children and students—were crushed to death by the Russian tanks, or shot or put in prison; perhaps far more than we know. The actual figures may not be important, but the fact that many Czechs lost their lives during the invasion is something the Czech people will never forgive or forget, and it may have the most far-reaching effect on the future relationship between Czechoslovakia and Russia.

But one must ask the determining reason for the criminal Russian invasion. I had, at the time of Cierna and Bratislava, some rather acrimonious correspondence with some friends in Russia—if I can call them that—including some old Stalinists. One of these wrote to me: "The trouble with Czechoslovakia is that the anti-Socialist forces in that country are strong; as distinct from other Socialist countries, there are no Czechoslovak *émigrés* to speak of; the anti-Socialist elements are still *inside* the country; it is also a country with a strong bourgeoisie which is hostile to us." Maybe. But what came as a shock to the Russians was that not only the bourgeoisie in Czechoslovakia but the entire nation, including the working class, is hostile to the Soviet Union and, indeed, has been so

Abu, The Tribune (London)

since the bullying began—that is, since the overthrow of Novotny, the Stalinist leader, last January.

No, the existence of a bourgeoisie inside Czechoslovakia is *not* the real reason for the invasion. Nor is the "German menace" and the alleged Czech "collusion" with "the militarists and *revanchards* of Western Germany." This is one of the silliest of all the Russian arguments used. Even the fact that some Czech leaders may have seriously thought of establishing diplomatic relations with Western Germany was no reason for the invasion. Romania has had diplomatic relations with Western Germany for a long time and the Russians did nothing about it.

A month ago, in writing to Stalinists, I said: "If you send your troops into Czechoslovakia you will have finally bitched your precious international world movement." I received no answer. Yet it is only too obvious that this is now inevitable. The two biggest Communist parties of the West, the Italian and the French, are up in arms against the invasion. The Romanians and Yugoslavs made their position amply clear; and it is just possible that the triumphant visits to Prague of Tito and Ceaucescu a few days before the invasion may have been used as a final argument in favor of this invasion. Here were three Communist countries deeply resenting Moscow's bullying of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prague. And what were the real thoughts of the great majority of people in Poland and Hungary? Was not the Stalinist monolith threatening to become a loose-knit military alliance of half a dozen Socialist, but also profoundly national, "polycentrist" states? And the unkindest cut of all came from Mao who, without approving Dubcek and Svoboda, still accused the Moscow "revisionists" of "Hitlerian gangsterism"—a charge extremely difficult to deny. I am not even sure that the Russians are particularly pleased with Castro's backhanded compliments about their "aggression" which, he said, they shouldn't have tried to cover up with so many fig leaves.

The real, indeed the only, reason for the invasion of Czechoslovakia was the liberalization of the regime and (to the Russians) the unholy alliance of socialism and intellectual freedom. The timing is significant: it was essential to occupy the country before the meeting of the Czech Communist congress which was scheduled for September 9, and which would have produced a virtually all-liberal Central Committee from which the last remnants of the Stalinist-Novotnyite element would have been eliminated. And the greatest crime of the liberals, in the Russian view, was *a free press, free speech, an uncensored radio and TV. This plague might have spread to Moscow!*

The greatest fury and rage of the Stalinists in Moscow (and it is they who set the whole tone of the Soviet press) has been concentrated since January against the Czech press and radio. Nothing infuriated the Moscow Stalinists more than an article like the "Two Thousand Words" which was an open attack on the Stalinist type of bureaucrat—selfish, stupid, dishonest, with no standards of the most elementary human decency. Even compared with the Khrushchev regime, which had its good anti-Stalinist moments (publication of Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich* or Yevtushenko's devastating poem, "The Heirs of Stalin," which appeared in *Pravda* in October, 1962), the intellectual atmosphere of terror and oppression was worse under Brezhnev than anything seen since the blackest days of Stalinism. One has to distinguish between two things: the satisfactory economic progress of Russia in the last few years and the contentment of millions of Russians with the regime, if only because it has built up a highly impressive welfare state: there are millions of new homes, there is no serious food shortage, and Russia is not at war with anybody. So, with the growth of material comforts, millions of Russians are favorably impressed by their government. But there are other millions of intellectuals (including the relatively new class of the technical intelligentsia) who are far from happy. Significantly, it was not under Khrushchev but under Brezhnev that the intellectual oppression, starting with the Siniavsky-Daniel trial, became truly horrible. Intellectual life was dominated by a specifically *Moscow* bureaucracy which dreaded all signs of nonconformism, and reverted, since the fall of Khrushchev, to a neo-Stalinist mentality to which "democratic centralism" meant nothing less than the domination of all thought by Moscow. One of its biggest phobias is any kind of "intellectual polycentrism" which, as I found last year, manifested itself not only in the non-Russian parts of the Soviet Union (Georgia, Armenia, the Ukraine) but even in a city like Leningrad which, though Russian, had a long pro-Western and anti-Muscovite tradition of its own. It is this terror of independent thinking *inside* the Soviet Union (an independent kind of thinking which Moscow hastens to brand "bourgeois nationalism" in the case of the non-Russian areas, and, in the case of Leningrad, as "Czarist nostalgia") that would help to explain the extreme exasperation caused in Moscow by the fantastically independent way of thinking that has developed in Czechoslovakia. In their famous "Survey" of the first fifty years of the Soviet regime the Central Committee of the CPSU pays lip service to polycentrism—to every foreign Communist party's right to follow its own course, in accordance with the local national conditions—and to the sacrosanct principles of national sovereignty and noninterference in the internal affairs of other countries. We have now witnessed how all these lofty principles have been respected in the case of Czechoslovakia.

The Prague coup, more than anything the Russians have done since World War II, has made the Soviet Union hateful in the eyes of the world. Romania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia have become violently anti-Soviet; the Italian and French Communist parties now detest Brezhnev; numerous reports show that Poland and Hungary are in a state of extreme nervousness bordering on Russophobia. The great reputation the Russians have tried for years to build up as the "number-one peace factor" in the world—as the nation helping North Vietnam in the name of "Socialist solidarity" and "in the name of peace," and who behaved with commendable restraint in the case of the Arab-Israeli War—has now been blown to the winds.

And what of the long-term effects of the invasion of Czechoslovakia? Nothing could have played more effectively into Richard Nixon's hands than the occupation of Prague. And why was this done? Primarily because of the maniacal desire on the part of the Moscow bureaucrats to silence the free Czech press. That is why I call this article "The Censorship War." Inside Russia, censorship is the pillar on which the Stalinist conformism of the Soviet Union rests. In the other Socialist countries there is also a censorship of varying severity which may be one reason why, despite much else the Russians disliked about Romania, they left that country alone (at least up until now). And when one considers it, Stalin behaved infinitely more cautiously and intelligently over Yugoslavia than Brezhnev did over Czechoslovakia. Stalin denounced Titoism as a heresy; he took economic sanctions against Yugoslavia, isolated it as a leper, but did nothing more about it. And the context of Budapest was also different; it could be argued that there was a counterrevolution there.

And now? My old "friend" Yuri Zhukov of *Pravda* continues, even after the Czech-Soviet agreement, to rage and fume against the "counterrevolutionary" elements in Czechoslovakia. Which in fact amounts to saying that *the whole* of Czechoslovakia is now counterrevolutionary, i.e., anti-Stalinist, and, thanks to Brezhnev, anti-Russian. No doubt an overthrow by the Russians of Svoboda and Dubcek is not to be ruled out; although these capitulated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they cannot be regarded as Russia's friends and flunkeys.

But there is one great unknown. Will not the Kremlin, or some people in the Kremlin, realize (if they haven't already done so) that the restoration of the monolithic Stalinist empire cannot be achieved in 1968? And will there not be a group of leaders who, to save the Socialist world from economic, ideological and psychological chaos, will realize that *a quick withdrawal of the "allied" troops from Czechoslovakia can alone restore some degree of international order and mutual confidence*? It is rumored that Kosygin and Suslov (yes, even Suslov who worries about the world Communist movement, and the great rally scheduled for next November in Moscow) were sharply against the invasion. Will not Suslov, who played the leading role in overthrowing Khrushchev in 1964, now bring about the fall of Brezhnev, the number-one villain of the Czech tragedy? The Czech people, with their "Brezhnev-Hitler" posters, seem to realize it only too well.

All reports from Prague show that the young Russian soldiers who occupied the city are extremely perplexed by the reception they got from the Czechs. They had been told that they were sent as friends to "save their allies from counterrevolution and from a West German invasion." They will have many sad stories to tell when they go home. But in a police state like the Soviet Union —getting worse in this respect every year—revolutions do not come from below; if anything is to change for the better, it will have to come from above—from a palace revolution inside the Kremlin. The best hope, I think, is for an agonizing reappraisal by the Kremlin of the entire Czech problem. This cannot happen without the elimination of certain people. My guess is that Brezhnev will go before the end of the year. But it is, unfortunately, no more than a guess.

AN OUNCE OF LEAD

GUNNING FOR SENATOR CHURCH

MICHAEL McCRERY

Mr. McCrery has written extensively on Idaho politics, particularly for the Boise Intermountain-Observer. *He is also a correspondent for the Republican magazine,* The Ripon Forum.

Boise

Probably the dirtiest political fight that will be waged in the months from the conventions to the elections will be that staged by George V. Hansen, Republican Representative from the Idaho 2nd District, to capture the seat of Democratic Sen. Frank Church.

Idaho has long been a fortress of reaction, and one of the states most isolated from the movement of the nation. After the Civil War, the then Idaho territory was settled by ex-Confederates fleeing the Reconstruction in Dixie, and Idaho today is, outside the South, probably the most racist state in the nation—despite a marked absence of Negroes on whom to exercise prejudice. In addition, it is one of the last states whose economy depends almost totally on agriculture; over the years, powerful farming interests have kept a tight clasp on Idaho, shielding it from the outside world and from such things as industrialization, better wages and living conditions and urban renewal. In this climate the John Birch Society thrives; Idaho is one of the five states where Birchism is said to be the strongest. The present Republican Governor, Don Samuelson, was listed by *Newsweek* (January 31, 1966) as a member of the John Birch Society, when he was running for office.

Against this background, Hansen is mounting a furious campaign against Senator Church, issuing bigoted appeals to Idaho's traditional conservatism, and apparently feeling that Church's liberalism will unseat him. One issue that Hansen has raised is civil rights for minority groups. Church has been an effective supporter of civil rights legislation, and Hansen, who never voted for a civil rights bill during his four years in Congress, has been diligent to rally Idaho's racist vote.

Hansen takes to the Idaho campaign trail as a hardline advocate of "law and order"; he has publicly called for the firm and vigorous repression of Negro demonstrations, demanded a moratorium on civil rights legislation (which he charges causes riots) and raised the implication of treason in a very wide spectrum of Negro leadership, ranging from Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown to Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young and even the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Of Dr. King's assassination, Hansen observed that it was a case of "the chickens coming home to roost," and not the tragedy it was being made out to be. Hansen has also endorsed Chicago Mayor Daley's order to his police to "shoot to kill or maim" Negro looters. Recommending this as a step to be taken nationally to "end violence," Hansen concedes that it might result in a good many deaths but adds that a little killing now to end riots might prevent more killing later. This ounce of lead prevention was too much for the GOP majority leader, state Sen. William Roden of Boise, who called Hansen's statements "unfortunate." "I don't think he's ever seen a riot," Roden said.

Others in Idaho have been more favorably impressed by Hansen's statements. The Idaho branch of the American Independent Party, which is offering candidates for most state offices, has declined to run a candidate for Senator, and has instead endorsed Hansen. AIP state chairman Joseph K. Stumph, Jr., of Twin Falls, reports that Hansen's "strong conservatism" and his "law-and-order" policies figured in the party's decision to back him. Hansen has enthusiastically accepted the aid of the party which will run George Wallace for President in November. As well he might—Idaho is one Northern state where fear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the "nigger" is so strong that in a three-way race Wallace may well carry the electoral vote.

Another area that has figured prominently in Hansen's attack is foreign policy. Church is one of the most outspoken "doves" in the Senate, and a charter opponent of Administration policies in Vietnam. In fact, his feelings on the war are so intense that earlier in the year, before LBJ withdrew, Church indicated that he might support the Republican candidate should the GOP offer a reasonable alternative. Presenting himself as a super-hawk, Hansen deplores the "appeasement" policy of President Johnson, and ridicules the notion of peace talks. He talks of the Vietnamese conflict as part of a Moscow-based Communist conspiracy to take over the world. He wants the Administration to get tough with the Soviet Union, applying any pressures necessary. Just what pressures he would in fact favor, Hansen does not make entirely clear. However, in other comments he has at times asserted that the best way to preserve America's "honor" and achieve a quick way out of Vietnam is by military victory. Asserting the "need" to stop communism somewhere, Hansen favors a no-holds-barred policy, saying he will not rule out either nuclear warfare or an invasion of North Vietnam and China.

Following the recent Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Hansen has further intensified his hawkishness: the Soviet action has proved to his satisfaction that communism is an evil system and can never be trusted. Following this line, Idaho Republican leaders have been quick to imply that Church's dovishness was somehow responsible for what happened to the Czechs (though Church has issued strong condemnation of the Soviet action).

In general, the Communist label has been frequently and indiscriminately used against Church ever since Hansen became the GOP candidate. The less respectable levels of the Hansen campaign have been suggesting for some time that a vote for Hansen is a vote against communism. Or, when communism is not the issue it is often "the nigger," although the more vociferous Hansen supporters seem often to equate "niggers" and "Communists." Church, on the other hand, has refused to compromise his liberalism, and so far has managed to avoid mud slinging. The Church people have, in fact, almost avoided mentioning Hansen, and have conducted a low-key, bread-and-butter-issues campaign. They apparently believe that Hansen's bluster and bigotry will win the election for Church. At the same time, the Senator is taking no chances, and has been stumping the state to demonstrate his concern for his constituents' welfare.

Present indications and polls suggest that, in the end, Church will survive the Hansen flak and gain a third Senate term. Despite the powerful grass-roots strength of Hansen's brand of conservatism, Idahoans admire courage and independence in politicians. Though a good many may intensely dislike some of the things that Church stands for, they respect his integrity and opposition to many of the policies that his own Democratic Party has followed under Johnson. A thin majority of Idaho voters have rewarded Church for his independence in two previous elections, and may do so again. However, the contest will be close and, whatever the outcome, it is apparent that Hansen's campaign has paid off for him. He will probably emerge as titular head of the Idaho Republican Party. Should Hansen manage to get as much as 46 per cent of the vote in November (and he will probably do better), he may well become in 1970 his party's candidate for governor.

The Congressional seat which Hansen is vacating this year is expected to be retained by the Republicans, and it is therefore unlikely that Hansen would try to regain his seat two years hence. However, Governor Samuelson will be up for renomination and re-election in 1970, and some GOP stalwarts already wonder whether he can hold out for another term. The Governor's bumbling style has alienated many voters. Therefore, though Samuelson is quite conservative enough for most GOP leaders, they may well scout about for an equally conservative but more impressive candidate to oppose him in a primary, rather than wait to test his popularity in the general election.

Should Hansen lose to Church this November by only a thin margin, it is expected that he will take on Samuelson in 1970, and if he does he will probably be the next governor of Idaho (a Republican nomination is usually tantamount to election in Idaho, the Democratic Church

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being a notable exception). Though many Republicans now think that Hansen made a mistake to go gunning for Church, the fact that he has proved himself an impressive vote getter in the past (70 per cent of the vote in his 1966 Congressional campaign) would stand in his favor should he wish to try a comeback against someone of less formidable stature than Church. Samuelson looks to be the obvious victim.

So, win or lose against Church this year, George Hansen will probably survive to work political mischief in Idaho. But should Frank Church lose in November, not only would the forces of peace, racial equality and progressive change be deprived of one of their most effective spokesmen in the Senate; a full take-over by the extreme right wing would destroy whatever thin hope liberalism may have in Idaho.

Philanthropy: The Golden Crowbar

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN

Mr. Kirstein was publisher of The Nation *from 1955 to 1965. This article has been condensed from a chapter in his forthcoming book,* The Rich: Are They Different?, *which Houghton Mifflin will publish on October 24.*

Only the rich are in the unique position of having more money than they need or can use; thus for them, and only for them, the singular question arises as to what to do with the excess. The social institution to accommodate the rich in disposing of this surplus is organized philanthropy. The enormous number of philanthropic organizations that have burgeoned in this country to support the church, the private school or college, the voluntary hospital, the library, or the museum are exactly tailored to serve as repositories for excess individual wealth. Tax laws favor gifts to philanthropy; press acclaim and public approval greet announcements of the donations. Government-licensed philanthropic institutions, those which enjoy tax exemption, supposedly assure the rich man that his money will not be wasted. Billionaire John Paul Getty's observation is typical: "Like almost all wealthy men—certainly, all with whom I am acquainted—I make my contributions only to organized, legitimate charities. . . . This is the only way one can give money with any degree of assurance that it will be received eventually by deserving persons." This timesaving and generally applauded approach has few critics. One of the more acid was O. Henry who wrote at the turn of the century: "How properly to alleviate the troubles of the poor is one of the greatest troubles of the rich. But one thing agreed upon by all professional philanthropists is that you must never hand over any cash to your subject. The poor are notoriously temperamental; and when they get money, they exhibit a strong tendency to spend it for stuffed olives and enlarged crayon portraits instead of giving it to the installment man."

But both Mr. Getty and O. Henry are talking of another era, despite the fact that the oil man's comment was made fairly recently. Today, charity, in the ancient sense of giving alms to the poor, has been taken over by the government, and all who pay taxes share the burden. Not the rich but the government declares "war on poverty"; organized philanthropy has very little to do with alleviating the miseries of the poor. This function today is the responsibility of federal, state and municipal governments that distribute funds raised by taxation to recipients entitled to aid as a matter of right under law. Today, Medicaid and Medicare laws provide payment for the indigent from federal, state and municipal funds, and for all those, indigent or not, over the age of 65. The healthy poor wend their monotonous way to the welfare office where governmental funds are doled out. Indeed the rich benefactor looking for a charitable organization which would distribute funds to those "deserving persons" mentioned by Mr. Getty would be hard pressed to find it. Today the donor who wishes to heap largess on his favorite hospital will discover that his money is required not to maintain poor patients but to refurbish outmoded buildings or construct new facilities for the installation of scientific devices. If a cure for cancer is discovered in a beautiful new research building it is obvious that poor and rich alike are benefited. If knowledge is advanced by a new library memorializing the donor in letters carved into marble, the society as a whole is enriched.

But though continuing problems of the poor have proved to be too urgent to leave to the whims of the rich, the rich still require conduits through which to siphon off their surplus wealth, and selecting the most suitable receptacle poses a problem. Julius Rosenwald, an original partner of Sears Roebuck, once declared that he found it "nearly always easier to make $1,000,000 honestly than to dispose of it wisely," and any number of rich men have echoed his words. This type of remark may infuriate a great many people who have strived a lifetime to accumulate far less than a million dollars, but the fact remains that many rich men have pointed to their acquisition primarily as an instrument for philanthropy. Andrew Carnegie pontificated to the young graduates of a commercial college: "As an end, the acquisition of wealth is ignoble in the extreme. I assume that you save and long for wealth only as a means of enabling you the better to do some good in your day and generation."

Giving to philanthropic institutions is invariably hailed as an act of personal generosity, especially by professional fund raisers and public relations spokesmen for the institutions that receive the gift. Listen to the speeches at the dedication of a new building on the hospital grounds or college campus, with the donor in beaming attendance as he is heaped with praise for his generous gift. But here "generous" is equated with "large" rather than with any motive of the donor. If we think of the word generosity as connoting some sacrifice on the part of the giver,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philanthropy, as it is organized today in America, has little if anything to do with generosity. The amount to be donated is frequently dictated by an accountant who is thoroughly familiar with the Internal Revenue Code's encouragement of charitable gifts. An unusually frank statement which might be interpreted differently from its speaker's intention is revealing: "What are you put on earth for, anyway? To be productive—for yourself until you've got everything that money can buy. After that, it belongs to humanity." The speaker—an extremely successful self-enriched man, who made this statement in connection with a donation of $6.5 million—is at least no hypocrite about his priorities.

If "generosity" is the wrong word to use and "sacrifice" a factor completely absent in philanthropic donations by the rich, it would nonetheless be a mistake to assume that decision making on their part is coldly logical and unaccompanied by emotion. In any number of utterances accompanying gifts, the rich voice the sentiment that a feeling of deep satisfaction rewards those who "do something for others rather than just for themselves." This feeling of euphoria results directly from a temporary easing of guilt rather than in any positive prognostication of the resulting joys to others. Frequently, in connection with a major gift, usually by a self-enriched man, we read that the donor considers it part payment on a debt to the United States for his success, achieved under its "free-enterprise" system. The idea of repaying society for one's own good fortune is an emotional rather than a logical reaction. The ancients expressed their gratitude to the gods following some particularly fortuitous chain of events by sacrificing some valuable animal. The fact that much of the fund raising in America is conducted along sectarian lines of church affiliation supports the theory that philanthropic impulse is stirred by religious emotion. The hope is that the gates of heaven may be forced to open by use of a golden crowbar. Neither the pangs of guilt nor the fear of damnation retard the accumulator in his pursuit of wealth, but once he has achieved his objective, he will consider placating the gods by bestowing part of his wealth on some "deserving" charity. It is significant that both the rich and the fund raisers continue to use "charity" and "philanthropy" interchangeably although the words have quite different meanings.

The self-enriched are less apt to feel guilt than the hereditary rich, but they are frequently motivated by an additional incentive—pride in their accomplishment. For this reason, the self-enriched, recalling the enormous effort of building a fortune, are far more likely to release emotional statements to the press. By highly publicized munificence they establish the clear evidence of business success and financial accomplishment. The anonymous major gift, a fairly rare phenomenon (according to one expert fund raiser, fewer than 2 per cent of all major gifts are anonymous), almost always comes from the hereditary rich. Of course, even these anonymous gifts are not truly anonymous in that the trustees, at least, of the benefited institution, know the identity of the donor. An anonymous gift simply means that newspaper publicity is avoided.

Further insight on "generosity" may be gained by examining the dissimilar motives of those who give away large sums in their lifetimes contrasted with those who provide in their wills for some philanthropic cause. In the case of the living gift a man is donating unneeded money; in the case of the bequest, he is donating an excess which obviously cannot follow him. Thus we find the childless particularly "generous" in their wills, whereas people with heirs tend to give during their lifetimes, leaving the residue to their children. Some rich men, particularly the self-enriched, live in unreasoning terror that in old age their fortunes will vanish and their standard of living be reduced to the dreaded privations of their modest beginnings. For such men, the bequest has particular appeal. In addition, there are men with such highly developed instincts for acquisition that it is emotionally impossible for them to part with any portion of their fortune. Such men, particularly if they are childless, frequently leave their money to philanthropies, often by establishing foundations whose trustees are charged with the responsibility of distribution. Russell Sage was such a man. Psychologically unable to rid himself of any substantial part of his vast fortune during his lifetime, he passed the responsibility on to his widow, who in turn formed the Russell Sage Foundation which over the years has distributed the funds wisely.

Some of the benefactions inspired by one or more of these motives are truly enormous. For example, in 1964 the following gifts topped the list:

$10,000,000	Gift to University of Illinois by Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Krannerts—for construction.
$5,306,903	Gift to Princeton University by Shelby Cullum Davis—toward furtherance of study of history.
$5,000,000	Anonymous gift to Stanford University—for undergraduate library.
$4,000,000	Gift to Hunter College by Samuel J. Silberman—for scholarships, etc.
$3,000,000	Gift to Smith College by Mr. and Mrs. Van Alan Clark—construction center.

In the same year, 258 gifts or bequests of $1 million or more were made by individuals for a total of $504 million. Of this sum, various educational institutions received approximately 70 per cent. In 1966, the most recent year for which data is available, the major gifts were even more imposing, although of the ten largest, six were made by bequest.

$100,000,000	Bequest to a variety of educational institutions and hospitals by James A. Chapman.
$90,000,000	Bequest to M.I.T., Sloan-Kettering Institute, Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, Alfred P. Sloan Foundation by Alfred P. Sloan.
$47,000,000	Gift of Paul Mellon to Yale University—art collection worth $35 million, building to house it $12 million.
$25-50,000,000	*Art collection. Gift of Joseph H.* Hirshhorn to U.S. Government.
$25,000,000	Gift of Temple Hoyne Buell to Colorado Women's College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$22,000,000	Art collection. Bequest to National Gallery of Art by Chester Dale.
$14,200,000	Gift of Mrs. Florence Dailey to Georgetown University and Notre Dame University.
$11,000,000	Gift of Harold S. Vanderbilt to Vanderbilt University.
$10,000,000	Bequest to Billy Rose Foundation by Billy Rose.
$10,000,000	Bequest to a variety of philanthropie organizations by Harold L. Stuart.

Huge as were the gifts in these recent years, some of the benefactions of the past were equally impressive. The Rockefeller family gave something more than $80 million to the University of Chicago; Gordon McKay, a non-alumnus, gave Harvard $16.5 million; Senator Leland Stanford's original endowment of the college which bears his name was more than $20 million; George Eastman gave $25 million to the University of Rochester; Edward S. Harkness, a Yale graduate, gave Harvard $13 million and his alma mater $24 million; John Sterling gave $39 million to Yale and C. Mahlon Kline gave the same university $10 million; Hugh Roy Cullen, over the years, gave the University of Houston some $27 million.

Before the income tax became law, large donors did not enjoy the government subsidy in the form of tax deductions that the rich are permitted today. While the government has taken over the ancient role of charity in the sense of alleviating, to some degree, the travails of the poor, it has simultaneously adopted tax legislation calculated to encourage and reward gifts of philanthropy—religious, educational and cultural. A man whose taxable income is $50,000, or a married couple whose income is twice that, can save in taxes 60c on every dollar they donate. And there are tax gimmicks, perfectly legal, which can result in types of philanthropic gifts that essentially enrich the donor. Without going into a detailed discussion of the federal tax laws, suffice it to say that they permit some men with incomes of a million dollars or more a year to pay no income taxes whatever.

Notwithstanding all of the tax advantages which the Internal Revenue Code offers the rich, this attractive bait does not loom large as a motivation for all of them. In fairness one must remember that both the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation, two of the largest foundations, were established before any income tax law existed. And today, when tax benefits make giving relatively painless, they are in no sense a determining whip or even an ultimately effective carrot, for the fact is that very few of the really rich give away in any one year the entire 30 per cent of their incomes permitted under the tax laws. Huge gifts are made, but in most cases they occur in years when the donor has enjoyed a particularly successful sale of stocks or property which has appreciated greatly in value. Professional fund raisers will tell you, and the figures bear them out, that the rich as a class give nearer 15 per cent of their incomes.

The increasing popularity of the foundation as a repository for the excess wealth of the rich is indicated by the fact that during the whole 19th century only five rich men established foundations for philanthropy. Six new ones were established in the first decade of this century, twenty-two during the second decade, and forty-one in the third. The pace has so increased that in 1963 nearly 15,000 such foundations existed of which more than 13,000 were established after 1940, and roughly 1,200 new ones are created each year. In 1966, there were said to be more than 17,700 foundations with assets of approximately $15 billion, making grants of more than $1.25 billion annually.

By establishing a foundation the donor can siphon off his surplus wealth with maximum tax advantage and at the same time create the impression that his gifts become impersonal and receive studied consideration by a wise and fair board of trustees. The tax advantages granted foundations are known to accountants and lawyers; the claims for objectivity and careful consideration are less valid, for the truth is that most foundations set up by individuals are almost as completely dominated by the donor as if the money were in his own checking account. Articles describing the careful screening that applications to the Ford Foundation receive from a dedicated and highly trained staff indicate that in America's largest foundation every possible effort is made to give money where it will do the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most good—at least in the minds of a majority of the trustees. Even so, one must wonder what the decision would be if Henry Ford II became intensely interested in a particular pending application. With the smaller foundation, established by an individual, often in the name of his family, one need do no guessing. The dominating figure in almost every case is the donor, the members of the board of trustees being hand-picked to agree with decisions he may make and compensated for their time by having grants made to their own pet charitable institutions. When we talk of the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and a very few others of the largest, we are talking of impersonal and objective boards of trustees, composed of leaders in the fields of education, the arts, business or the law, supervising large staffs of investigators who make every effort to recommend grants wisely. But when we talk of the Smith Family Foundation, we are talking about the whims, caprices, or chance knowledge of old Joe Smith.

The foundation as a repository offers one more important advantage which may explain their rapidly increasing number. Just before the end of any given calendar year, an accountant can calculate almost exactly the amount that may be given away to take maximum advantage of the tax laws. The donor need not make a hurried decision as to just which worthy recipient will be showered with gold. He can make a hasty gift to the foundation, and at his leisure, in a following year, distribute the largess to its ultimate destination.

In seven cases out of ten, educational institutions, especially colleges and universities, receive the benefactions of the rich. Of the 258 gifts or bequests exceeding a million dollars in 1964, 70 per cent of the total went to educational institutions. The proportion was approximately the same in the following year. This pattern of giving is not typical of the population as a whole. Of all the money given to philanthropy in 1964, 49 per cent went to religious causes and only 17 per cent to education. Why do the large, individual donors favor the college so overwhelmingly as against the church? In the first place, the thirst of the university for money and its capacity to absorb it in terms of new buildings, research programs, scholarships, endowed professorships, athletic facilities, expensive manuscripts for the library, and works of art for the museum far exceed any program that even the most ambitious church can propose. Secondly, the very diversity of university needs presents countless opportunities for the donor's name to be inscribed for eternity as a benefactor, or at least until the ground is needed for newer or larger buildings. Stroll around the complex that constitutes Harvard University and the memorials to the rich donors are your companions. The Widener Library, the Houghton Library, Loeb Theatre, Harkness Commons, Kresge Hall, Lamont Library, Lehman Hall, Mellon Hall, Morgan Hall, Straus Hall—all these and more memorialize huge gifts made by the supporters of one of America's foremost educational institutions. Rewards for religious giving may come in heaven but praise for educational gifts is earthy and immediate.

Quite apart from the memorial in brick and mortar, the donor, if he selects a small enough college, may well be repaid by an honorary degree at the very next commencement. To the man who earned his degree at college, the honorary degree may not be a particularly meaningful gesture; but to the self-enriched man, who places an extremely high value on the formal education he never had, the honorary degree is a real stimulant to giving. Still another motivation that makes academe such a favorite is the gratitude of the alumnus to his alma mater for the joys of being an educated man. The non-graduate may feel an almost equally grateful impulse toward the educational institution which trained his children. Moreover, a major gift to a university is noncontroversial. Make a gift of an expensive painting to a museum, and some hostile critic will soon contend that the work is an unfortunate example of the artist's genius and that, in any event, it cost too much. Make a major grant to a ballet company to help meet the deficit, and all but balletomanes will cry, "Who needs ballet?" Give major support to a repertory theatre group attempting to present Shakespeare, and skeptics will carp, "if the company were any good, it would be a financial success." But a smashing donation to the college of your choice will be widely publicized, universally approved, and the general assumption held that the money will be well and carefully spent.

Although our society applauds large donations and our legislators enact tax laws encouraging the rich to give, the question arises as to whether the public interest is best served by leaving the decision of philanthropic priorities to the whim of individuals. The adult population and its duly elected representatives could conceivably rank philanthropic needs far differently than do the haphazard individual decisions of the rich. Indeed, the large gift tends to establish its own order of priorities. For example, a New England preparatory school without benefit of a major endowment fund improved over the years in the quality of education it offered and, as a result, in reputation. The school's physical needs grew in proportion to the rising list of applicants, and a succession of headmasters presented their rich alumni and their parents with a lengthening list of requirements. Major gifts for particular items carried the reward of memorializing the donor and publicizing his "generosity." Thus an early gift was the Jones Football Field, followed by the Smith Hockey Rink, followed by the Murray Dormitory for Seniors, and a new Wilt Infirmary. During all the years that the physical plant improved, the library was sadly inadequate as to the number and quality of volumes. Each succeeding headmaster was aware of this basic lack of the fundamental tools of education, but there appeared to be no donor willing to give a sizable sum merely for the acquisition of books. It would probably have been easier to raise the money for an elaborate library building than for the books themselves.

Examples of distorted priorities resulting from individual decision making by the rich are numerous. A major voluntary hospital, like all such institutions, had a schedule of improvements and enlargements designed to better its already splendid facilities. Perhaps the most urgent requirement was the modernizing of the kitchen and food-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handling equipment which had remained virtually unchanged for some twenty-five years. A new building to house research laboratories was also required. A widow offered to donate the money for the laboratory building, and estimates were made of the cost. To the widow this building was to be a permanent and beautiful memorial to her husband. She insisted on the selection of one of America's finest architects and gave him carte blanche for the most magnificent research facility he could design. The resultant expenditure was probably $2 million more than an adequate but more modest building would have cost. With the difference, the kitchens and food-handling equipment could have been improved to a high level of efficiency. Not that money was wasted on the research laboratory. The building is a model of grace and beauty, and the scientists who work there will doubtless be inspired by the architect's magnificent accomplishment. But the decision to spend the money this way was made by a single person, not by the Board of Trustees or the Hospital Director or any body of experts planning maximum benefits for the hospital.

Whether major gifts are made by individuals or by foundations that they establish, one generalization is undoubtedly true: the influence of the rich in philanthropy focuses on the established institution, tends to maintain the *status quo*. It is rare, indeed, that major donations are made to encourage basic change or even minor dislocation of any aspect of established society. For example, a relatively small foundation might contribute funds, and one (the Vera Foundation) has, to study the effect on legal processes which would result from lowering the bail required from minor criminals. Even larger foundations might contribute to some agency such as the Legal Aid Society, which furnishes lawyers for the poor. But it is almost unthinkable that a major contribution from either a foundation or an individual would institute a program, for example, of instructing Harlem's residents in how to receive every single benefit to which they are entitled under existing city, state and federal welfare laws. Such a program would inevitably lead to greater relief payments and ultimately result in higher taxes. The more established the institution, the greater its present reputation in its special field, the more likely it is to enjoy added largess in the form of major donations. Thus Harvard, Yale and Princeton are favored for major gifts not only from their alumni but from non-graduates as well. If major philanthropy by the very rich sets itself to encourage the arts, it is likelier to encourage a major real estate development such as Lincoln Center rather than to formulate a plan for an improved procedure to aid the creative painter, poet, or writer. The Guggenheim Foundation, which has established a deserved reputation for encouraging the creative artist, is an exception, but the rare exceptions only prove the rule.

Quite apart from the inherent tendency of the rich to select the established institution with the noncontroversial program, there may be a heavy penalty in the form of lost tax exemption if either the foundation or the individual plows into virgin fields of basic social reform. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, for example, studies problems concerning the maintenance of peace, but it carefully eschews, as indeed it must if it wishes to keep its philanthropic status, any basic effort to swing government policy away from war and toward nonviolence. It is philanthropically permissible to study peace and the causes of war; it is not acceptable to encourage peace through political activity or to urge the removal from public office of those who counsel war. Another more concrete example of the possible hazards of a tax-exempt institution taking a public position to influence legislation is the dilemma faced by the Sierra Club, an organization dedicated to the conservation of the country's natural resources. The Sierra Club has long participated in a campaign to save the redwood forests on the West Coast from the pillages of the lumber companies. However, when the Club actively supports legislation to turn redwood groves into federal park lands—the only effective way of guaranteeing that future generations may view these stately thousand-year-old trees—the reaction of the Internal Revenue Commissioner is to rescind the tax exemption. Indeed, while our society encourages the philanthropist to "do good," he is restricted from doing "too much good" even if he wants to.

Money is not the only benefit that the rich bestow upon philanthropy; they give their time as well by acting as policy makers on boards of trustees. Sons of the rich are frequently selected at a relatively early age, often soon after they leave college, to serve on the boards of philanthropic institutions in the hope that, by participating in the formation of future plans, they will eventually become sufficiently interested to donate large sums to implement them. The self-enriched, of course, do not participate on this level of activity until after they have accumulated enough money to attract the attention of the alert trustees ever on the lookout for people capable of making major contributions. By serving on the board of trustees the major donor becomes familiar with the problems and needs of the institution, adds his voice to the deliberations which determine the ways in which future needs will be met, and generally becomes familiar with the various facets of activity in the general field to which the institution is devoted. If it is a hospital, the trustee will become familiar not only with the financial activities of his own institution but also well versed generally in medical economics, in the progress of various phases of medical research, and in a large variety of social problems relating directly and indirectly to the institution's general sphere. The same generalities apply to the trustees of art museums, botanical gardens, libraries, opera companies, civic symphony orchestras, secondary schools or colleges. Money raising and money giving are, of course, the primary concerns for the man who accepts a seat on the board of trustees, but his contribution is enlarged by the time and energy he donates to learning of the institution's problems and debating with his fellow trustees on the solutions.

The trustee system works surprisingly well. Most philanthropic agencies are at least as well conducted as analogous institutions administered by the government. Compare a major voluntary hospital, the Columbia Presby-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terian Medical Center in New York, for example, with even the best municipal or Veterans Administration hospital, and in nearly every phase worth considering, the philanthropic institution surpasses the public facility. With some exceptions, the same comparison applies to the large private, philanthropic college and the state-run university. The explanation is, I believe, that the rich are at their best when they are devoting their time to the basic problems of the voluntary philanthropic institutions of their choice. Not only is the profit motive, which accompanies so much of their other activity, absent; but also the ever-present pangs of guilt are assuaged. As a result they are apt to display an idealism and objectivity lacking in their day-to-day business activities.

All this is not to say that philanthropy today, dominated as it is by the rich, is the most perfect system that the mind of man can devise. The dislocated priorities that result from today's practices are sufficient evidence of this. Of course, an alternative system is available and already has been substituted in the case of "charity" toward the poor. The obvious alternative would be to have the government, through the people's elected representatives, establish the priorities and furnish the funds through general tax levy for the functions now performed by philanthropy. In fact, this has already occurred in relation to the most urgent social problems. Social Security, Medicare, and all of the laws granting financial aid to the jobless, the poor, and the handicapped replace yesterday's charitable bequest. But without doubt, much of true value would be lost if the government also assumed total responsibility for encouragement of the arts, for all education, and so on. For one thing, the rich would lose the only direct approach they possess to knowledge about society's needs. In the last century, the rich were fairly knowledgeable about the poor as a result of firsthand charitable contact. They didn't do nearly enough to alleviate the conditions that fostered poverty, which is why the government was forced to assume direct responsibility. But today, the rich have no personal charitable relation with the poor, in fact precious little contact of any kind. On the other hand, a surprisingly large number of rich men are extremely well informed about hospital needs, the progress of medical research, the requirements of the great private universities and the lesser colleges, the financial problems of the private secondary schools, and many other institutions which are still within the province of philanthropy and outside that of government responsibility. In short, if the government took over the entire present philanthropic structure, the rich would be deprived of all avenues of direct interest in our society except for business and investment. Assuming that the same amount of money would be expended by the government as is at present collected and disbursed through voluntary philanthropy, there would still be a loss in that the rich would lose even what interest they now have in society's struggle to improve itself. The poor and the middle class might or might not be affected beneficially. Unquestionably, the rich would be socially impoverished.

The World's Most Harassed Fish

ANTHONY NETBOY
Mr. Netboy is assistant professor at Portland State College. His latest book is The Atlantic Salmon: A Vanishing Species?, *to be published on September 17.*

In a year-end report released early in 1966, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall gave Americans a picture of some of the wildlife resources of the United States. "Despite unprecedented conservation," he said, "we are still losing the overall battle to save America's endangered species of fish and wildlife from extinction." He listed seventy-eight species so threatened; one of them was the Atlantic salmon.

During all the years I lived in the East I never saw an Atlantic salmon, and neither did any of my friends or acquaintances. In fact, I never met an American who had caught one in the United States, or eaten one. Yet, in the colonial era, and as late as about 1800, salmon were as populous in New England rivers, especially in Maine and Connecticut, as they are now in the Columbia River, the Snake or the Yukon! In the year Udall made his announcement, barely 500 Atlantic salmon were caught in the United States—in a few small streams in Maine. All the other New England rivers, and those in northern New York flowing into Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario, which in the 18th century were often jammed with salmon, had been completely deserted by this noble fish. No nation has frittered away its salmon so completely.

One naturally asks how a fisheries disaster of this magnitude could occur. What social and economic forces were responsible? From the scanty records available it seems that salmon were important items in the food supply of some Indian tribes in New England and New York. Thoreau reported that in his time remains of stone weirs erected long before by the Indians were still to be seen on the Winnipesaukee, a tributary of the Merrimack. Champlain found an Indian salmon fishery when he discovered the Big Chazy River that empties into the lake named after him. It is possible that the salmon were as important to the Indian diet as the wild turkey.

The colonial fishery for salmon started up about the end of the 17th century. The fish could be bought for a penny a pound in Hartford, but the price had risen to 2c and 3c a pound by the time of the Revolution. By then salmon were being fished hard in many places, by nets which sometimes stretched across the entire width of a stream, and by weirs as well. But this threat was dwarfed by the advent of industries and growth of towns. Even as the colonial era came to a close, the practice began of damming streams to provide a water supply for a settle-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment or local mill, with no thought to how the fish might reach their spawning grounds.

The fate of the Connecticut River, in its pristine state probably as productive of salmon as any stream in continental United States, illustrates the process by which exploitation of natural resources and utter lack of conservation, at least until the late 19th century, deprived America of one of its major food fishes. As late as 1790, fish ascended the Connecticut to its farthest reach. At times there was such a glut of salmon that indentured apprentices protested the unvarying diet of fish, and housewives in the Connecticut Valley who went to purchase shad from the fishmonger had to take a salmon as a tie-in sale. Fishermen caught as many as 3,700 salmon in one haul in Old Saybrook's South Cove.

Then, in 1798, a corporation known as the Upper Locks and Canal Company built a 16-foot dam across the Connecticut at Hadley Falls—without a fish ladder. Later, dams were built downstream, also without fish passes. Until about 1810 many salmon made their way to the upper waters but could not reach their spawning grounds. Then they disappeared. When a solitary salmon strayed into the Connecticut in 1872, the Saybrook fishermen could not identify it.

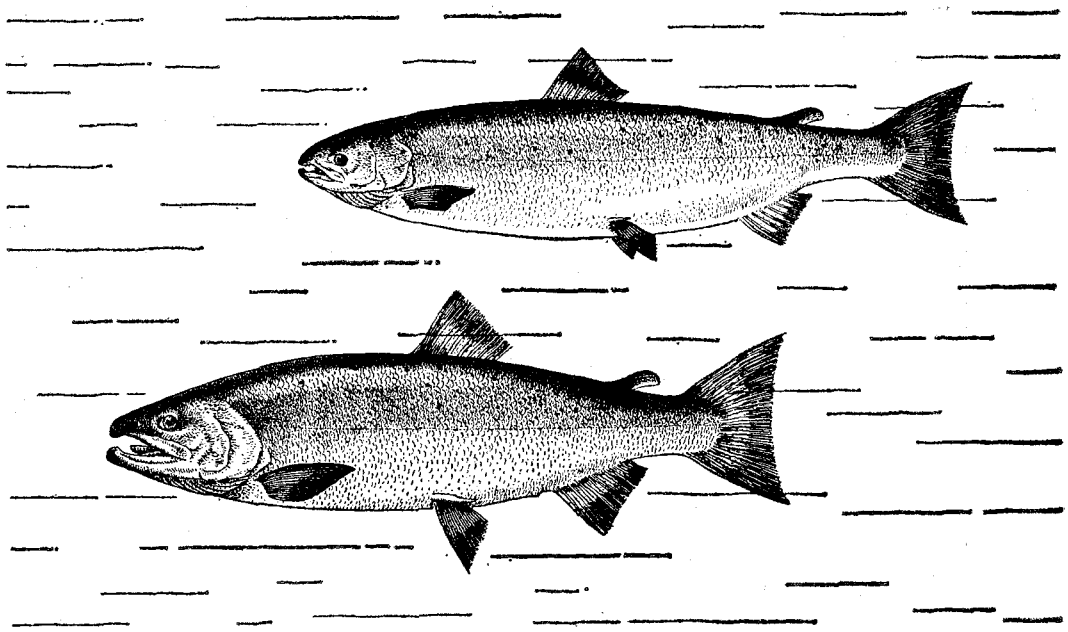
One by one, the New England rivers became unlivable to fish, as the flow was usurped by factories which sometimes polluted the waters. In 1840 there were 1,200 cotton-spinning and weaving establishments in the United States; and two-thirds of them were in New England, often situated on salmon rivers.

The boom in lumbering in Maine and New Hampshire accelerated the murder of the salmon runs. By 1840, Maine had 1,380 sawmills, clustered mainly around tidewater, squarely in the path of upstream-moving salmon and other anadromous fish. The Penobscot, probably the richest salmon stream in the state, supported 250 such mills. As time passed, the rivers accumulated mountains of sawdust and other debris, creating sand bars and narrowing the channels, thus making fish movement difficult. State laws designed to prohibit stream pollution were ignored. Worse still, clear-cut logging—cut out and get out!—invited erosion and induced silting. Logs were flushed down the channels by splash dams, and the water and logs scoured the stream beds, removing the rubble needed for spawning beds.

But again the real destruction of the Maine salmon runs was due chiefly to dams. By 1880, only seven Maine rivers continued to support regular salmon runs; six others had them occasionally. The Penobscot held out longer than any other major stream. In 1872, about 15,000 salmon were taken in the river and the bay; between 1873 and 1890 catches dropped to an average of 12,000, and after that tobogganed, despite plantings from the salmon hatchery at East Orland, Me., the first of its kind in the United States. The basic cause of the destruction of this fine river was not so much pollution—the lumber mills largely disappeared as the white pine forests were cut out—but overfishing. In 1947, when salmon weirs were finally declared illegal in Maine, the commercial catch on the Penobscot was forty fish. Sportsmen probably caught as many as a hundred.

A similar disaster killed off the once prolific salmon runs in New York State and Vermont. It is hard to believe that salmon used to go up the Oswego River as far as Cayuga and Seneca Lakes. When I lived in the Finger Lakes region in 1937, nobody I knew had ever seen or heard of a salmon in neighboring waters. In fact, the fish had become extinct about a century earlier, thanks mainly to overfishing, land clearing and settlement.

No appreciable attempt was made to restore any of the salmon rivers of New England until World War II. A glorious opportunity was missed during the depression,



Salmon of the Atlantic (top) and Pacific

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when WPA labor and Works Progress funds were available, because the people of Maine seemed to have no interest at that time in salmon. Rivers in other Eastern states were too far gone to offer hope of bringing anadromous fish back into them.

In 1948, pressure from sportsmen led to the creation in Maine of the Atlantic Sea-Run Salmon Commission. The state appropriated a niggardly $35,000, the federal government pitched in a like amount and sportsmen and power companies added their own money. The old hatchery at East Orland was remodeled, and work was begun to clean up a half-dozen watercourses and plant baby salmon in them. As a result of these improvements, chiefly on the Dennys, Machias and Narraguagus Rivers, the sports catch of salmon, which had dropped to almost nothing by World War II, has increased to 400 to 500 annually. There is virtually no salmon netting any more.

In 1965, Congress passed the Anadromous Fish Act as a move to spur salmon restoration. For the first time millions of dollars will be available to the state of Maine for this purpose, and the much-abused Penobscot has been chosen as the major focus of the biologists' efforts. Fish passes will be built, derelict dams dynamited, water-improvement works installed and hatchery stock planted. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service plans to build a major salmon hatchery to replace the century-old plant at East Orland. If all goes well, an annual run of 1,200 to 3,000 fish may eventually be established in the Penobscot at a phenomenal cost—and this, says Dr. Harry Everhart, architect of the program, will permit "an angling harvest of 200 to 750 salmon annually."

The question is often asked, "Will the Atlantic salmon ever reach its former abundance in the United States?" The answer the Fish and Wildlife Service gives is, "Probably not." The reasons are that restoration of the rivers has been too little and too late, in contrast to the Pacific Coast, where the prick of conscience, sometimes termed "the conservation ethic," and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, has saved the valuable Columbia River and other runs—or to be accurate, has at least slowed down the depletion.

What about other countries which once had fabulous Atlantic salmon stocks? There is not much left in Spain. Here too the rivers have been cluttered with small dams that have no fish passes, or are equipped with ladders that do not work. Poaching and overfishing by netters has helped to diminish the stocks. The salmon rivers of France are as scenic as those in Spain, and once they were as thronged with fish as those in the United States. The Rhine was probably the richest of them all. Men fished for salmon at strategic places on the river in Holland, Germany, France and even in Switzerland. At the bend of the Rhine, where the Lorelei is said to have lured sailors to their destruction, there is a deep pool where fishermen used to take as many as 6,000 salmon a year. The last salmon was caught on the Rhine in the 1920s. Since the river is now the longest sewer in Europe, there is no possibility of bringing the fish back.

All the great French salmon rivers are now derelict except the upper Loire, the Adour which flows into the Atlantic along the Cantabrian coast, and some of the small Breton and Norman streams. It is unlikely that the annual French catch of salmon is more than 3,000 to 5,000—there are no decent statistics, for the French Government feels it cannot infringe on the privacy of sports or commercial fishermen by requiring them to record their catches. Pollution, dam building and incredible poaching, now somewhat arrested, are the chief factors in the catastrophic destruction of the French salmon.

The Swedish and Norwegian people have been much more solicitous of the fish. Although the Swedish Baltic rivers are being increasingly blockaded with power dams, provisions are made to save the salmon, not by passing them over dams (as is done on the Columbia River) but by producing equivalent stocks in hatcheries. There are seventeen salmon hatcheries, or fish factories, as they are sometimes called, in Sweden. Millions of smolts (young fish ready to go to sea) are reared annually and sent on to the Baltic. And two or three years later those which have not been caught by fishermen, or killed by predators, return to the very river where they were released. This is an expensive way to keep the salmon runs going, but Swedish law stipulates that the private power companies or the State Power Administration must produce and liberate as many salmon as were estimated to be present in rivers they blocked with dams. The consumers of electricity pay for the fish production in their monthly bills.

Russia, Finland and Sweden contribute smolts to the Baltic sea fishery but it is estimated that one out of every four salmon caught is the product of a Swedish hatchery. By 1970, only two Swedish salmon rivers will still be free of power dams and remain natural rivers; all the others will be heavily sustained by the planting of hatchery stocks.

In contrast to the Swedes, who have fish and power, too, the Finns have preferred to kill off the bulk of their once considerable salmon resources by damming the rivers for electricity without providing fish ladders or passes. "Power development is moving at such a rapid pace," the Finnish biologist Seppo Hurme said to me, "that all of our rivers will be full of these dams in the next twenty years." Other factors that helped to deplete Finnish rivers are pollution, principally lumber floating, sewage and wastes from industrial plants; and waterway manipulation that has decreased the flow needed for fish migration. Finland has but two good salmon rivers left, the Ii and the Torne, and the latter is the boundary shared by Sweden. Hurme has been trying to interest his government in building hatcheries on the Swedish model, but, he said, "the state machinery works very slowly in handling such matters." Thus Finland takes its place beside France and Spain in preferring kilowatts to salmon.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is difficult to gauge the Atlantic salmon situation in Soviet Russia, because statistics are irregular and unreliable. From discussions with Swedish biologists and from study of Russian scientific papers translated into English, one gets the impression that, while the USSR is a monolithic state, the forces working for conservation have a tough time getting the attention of the counterforces that would develop rivers for power generation—exactly as in capitalist countries. Russia has a considerable Atlantic salmon population, although it is small by comparison with its Far Eastern Pacific salmon stock, and there is evidence that the resource is declining.

Norway has a much better record than either Russia or Poland (where salmon is now a rare delicacy; when my parents lived there, the fish was the peasant's staple). In fact, Norway now produces more salmon than any other European country. There are at least 200 good salmon rivers; nearly every fjord, especially in the northern part of the country, receives the flow of salmon streams.

The Norwegians will tell you that the Vikings were largely sustained on their voyages by their yen for fish, especially salmon, which was stored in the holds of their big black ships. Now Norway is most famous for salmon angling. On the River Alta, for example, it costs approximately $2,500 a week per person to fish for salmon and there are ninety-six rivers where salmon beats can be hired.

Almost all of the once-teeming salmon rivers of England and Wales, though protected by their private owners, have been ruined by pollution from industrial plants and overfishing. Many of the industrial cities of England and Wales are situated on waterways which in the 18th century were salmon anglers' paradises. Not until the 1920s did the British pass effective fishery regulations and anti-pollution laws. Although Scotland has lost much of its salmon wealth, there are still plenty of fish in the Highland streams outside the industrial belt, and Scottish salmon is for today's epicure in Europe what Rhine salmon was over a century ago, and Nova Scotia salmon is to a New Yorker who likes his lox and bagel. Lox is served in many British pubs at about a fourth of the price one pays in New York City cafeterias.

Scotland is the third largest producer of Atlantic salmon, behind Norway and Canada. Ireland is fourth, and being a relatively unindustrialized country, is actually increasing its stocks.

In the past generation or so, the nations awakened to their heedless destruction of salmon, but that is not to say that they will now make amends. There is no possibility of the salmon's return to the rivers of Portugal, Holland or Switzerland, even if there were any desire on the part of their peoples to restore them. In other countries, the United States, France and Spain, the runs have been reduced to a trickle because the nations did not care enough to save them. Even in lands where substantial stocks remain, as in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Scotland and Canada, there is no assurance of their continuation in the face of increasing industrialization. Salmon and civilization, it is said, do not mix.

Apart from the difficulties of keeping rivers pure and inviolate, the salmon's life in the sea is now threatened by the discovery of its feeding grounds in the vicinity of Greenland. There the schools from the British Isles and occasionally from Sweden meet their kin from Canada and the United States, and the Danish fishing boats and the Greenlanders' nets await them. Greenland catches have zoomed from only 60 tons in 1960 to 1,400 to 1,500 tons in 1966 and 1967. These were all foreign fish, for there is but one salmon river located in Greenland itself.

Although the salmon industry of the British Isles and Canada is up in arms because of this slaughter, and even American sportsmen who fish in Canada are seeking action, all efforts at persuading the Danes to reduce their catches in the interests of conservation have been in vain.

It is clear that while conservation of the fish in the rivers is essential to the species' survival, there must also be conservation in the sea. And this is at the moment a dream. Better fishing boats are being built, and each year the Greenland fishery, which was nonexistent a decade ago, looms as a greater menace to the stocks that made their home in Ireland, Scotland, England, Canada and Maine. Fish tagged in all these areas have been found in the nets of the Greenlanders and the Danes.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 226)*

compliantly enacted a county ordinance allowing this potential hazard of enormous magnitude to water-related resources.

The immediate impact and the evidently dangerous precedent of this ordinance galvanized the hitherto apathetic citizenry into spontaneous action. Overnight petitions were signed by the hundreds demanding repeal of the ordinance. Within a period of thirty days 8,000 valid signatures were required to force the supervisors either to repeal or place the issue on the ballot in November. On Aug. 27, the deadline, over 11,000 signatures were turned in. . . .

We shall hope to wipe the sardonic grin off the face of the Western Oil and Gas Association.

Theodore Schoenman

Czech workers

Great Neck, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I believe I detect the unwholesome aroma of contempt or condescension toward the working class in the article by Jiri Mucha ["The Cool Czechs," *The Nation*, Aug. 5]. One does not have to be a working-class sentimentalist to regard this attitude as hostile to the values of a humanist Socialist society . . . . Czech workers bear no more of the blame for the maladministration of the economy than do other occupational groups . . . . Nor is it abhorrent for workers to insist on economic security as the economy is radically transformed; after all, this would seem to be one of the more elementary distinctions between democratic socialism and capitalism. If the Czech intellectuals, who admittedly are spearheading the drive for reform, view themselves as superior to the workers and treat the latter as objects to be manipulated, we soon will be witness to the birth of a new type of deformed Socialist society.

Jack Minkoff

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Bear in the Poet in the Bear

BODY RAGS. *By Galway Kinnell. Houghton Mifflin Co. 63 pp. $4. Paper $1.95.*

JOHN LOGAN

Each generation looks about to see who the great ones are in the arts, and in our time we can single out Galway Kinnell as one of the few consummate masters in poetry. His third book, *Body Rags,* is uniformly strong beside *What A Kingdom it Was* (1960) and *Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock* (1964), and it takes some risks those books do not. In two of the three poems in the final section of the new book, "The Porcupine" and "The Bear," there is some of the best poetry to be found any place today while the long, civil rights-concerned poem, "The Last River," which makes up the entire second section, is one of the most pertinent and ambitious poems of the time.

The latter poem turns the situation of a jail in the deep South into a Dantesque drama and reflection of considerable complexity. One should know that Kinnell was in fact jailed for civil rights activities in Selma. Although I admire it, I do not find the poem entirely successful because the elements of formal repetition and of classical allusion sometime appear too heavy-handed. For example this:

He comes out of the mist,
he tells me his name is Henry David,
He takes my hand and leads me over
the plains of crushed asphodel.

However, if one is going to seek an analogue to Virgil as a guide through the hell of Selma, it would be difficult to better the choice of Henry David Thoreau who, in a planned act of civil disobedience during the Mexican War, refused to pay taxes to a government he considered abstract.

"The Last River" repeats many of the images of the nineteen (mainly short) poems which constitute the first section of the book. There is a good deal of specifically religious symbolism ("Let's go I say, a big/salty wafer of spit in my mouth") and there are wings, flowers and flames employed in connection with a Roethke-like motif of opening and/or being transformed. But the longer poem, understandably in a poem of the South, lacks the snow that frequently falls in the shorter ones—sometimes in a climate a bit like that of Robert Bly:

Soon it will be spring,
again the vanishing of the snows,
and tonight
I sit up late, mouthing
the sounds that would be words
in this flimsy jew's-harp of a farm-
house.

The farmhouse, by the way, is a real one near Sheffield, Vt., red, windy, on top of a beautiful hill at the end of an isolated, unimproved road, and it has for some years been a site of inner and outer lookings and of labors which Galway Kinnell has turned into poetry.

"The River" also contains the title motif:

A man of noble face
sits on the iron bunk,
wiping a pile of huge blades clean in
the rags of his body.

This is varied twice in the descriptions of the horrid Charon-figure in the poem: "limbs tied on with knots and rags", and once in "The Porcupine" where the title phrase "body-rags" occurs directly. The title is perhaps meant to echo the famous "aged man" passage from Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium," possibly as prefigured by Pound (Yeats's secretary at the time) in a letter to Viola Baxter, October 24, 1907: "This body-rag thing tattered on my soul."

The two poems "The Porcupine" and "The Bear" I think the best in the book. They make up a pair on related subjects having finally to do with the poet and with poetry. There is a strong identification of the poet-speaker with the animal in each case, and the animals themselves share certain qualities—ponderousness, voraciousness and resilient, brute strength.

Kinnell details seven (highly ironic) points in which the porcupines resemble man in general and poets in particular. In his bear poem, the identification of the poet and the bear is made extraordinarily close—in the first place, through the starving speaker's subsistence on the blood-soaked turds of the bear he hunts, so that that which has passed through the bear passes also through the poet, and in the second place, through the fact that the poet cuts open the warm carcass of the bear and takes shelter there against the vicious wind and cold.

. . . lumbering flatfooted
over the tundra,
stabbed twice from within,
splattering a trail behind me

He is born out of the body of the bear again, having thought in his dream that he "must rise up and dance"—and he writes his poem. But first he makes an agonized step, infantlike and bearlike as well (it is a "hairy-soled trudge"), and like the ancient mariner he wanders the rest of his days wondering "what anyway . . . was that sticky infusion, that rank flavor of blood, that poetry, by which I lived." The present poem is to be seen as the fruit of that wondering, and it is a remarkable one in its re-enactment of the existential loneliness, the sense of abandonment before the elements and the dual role of hunter and hunted under which we all live out our lives.

The image of poetry itself as a "sticky infusion" of bloody bear shit must make us reflective when we find it in the work of one of our best poets. The figure of the poet-as-bear is familiar from the work of Theodore Roethke and Delmore Schwartz. Roethke's bear, like Kinnell's, dances: "O watch his body sway! This animal remembering to be gay." Schwartz, Roethke and Kinnell are all big men, and they have projected their size into an image whose emotional dynamics all poets share to a certain extent, beginning with their disbelief in the likelihood of a creature such as meloncholy, flesh-heavy man bursting into song.

The element of bearlike ponderousness or awkwardness we are familiar with in the image of the poet, for it relates to his (no doubt justified) feeling of being "out of his element" like Baudelaire's albatross on the deck of a ship.

Voraciousness is another element in this image, for the poet gluts himself with reading and experience out of which to write, and it contributes to the concept of ponderousness, particularly in those constipated times when one produces nothing. Kinnell's porcupine is voracious as the bear—and on a diverse diet as if for making poems:

Fatted
on herbs, swollen on crabapples,
puffed up on bast and phloem, ballooned
on willow flowers, poplar catkins, first
leafs of aspen and larch,
the porcupine
drags and bounces his last meal
through ice,
mud, roses and goldenrod, into the
stubby high fields.

The last line reminds us of Eliot's line adapted from Mallarmé's description of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poetry: "Garlic and sapphires in the mud."

The resilient strength of bear and porcupine is a quality the poet desperately needs in order to counterbalance his (killing) sensitivity and which, like them, he sometimes possesses sufficiently to survive.

But neither the bear nor the porcupine in Kinnell's poems *does* survive. They die slow, terrible deaths, the first from the inner stabbing of a sharpened stick coiled in his food and the other from being shot three times and falling to unwind his guts from a tree limb.

Seeing the poet as imaged by the bear returns one to the image of poetry itself as the excretion of the wounded animal: "that sticky infusion, that rank flow of blood, that poetry by which I lived." The visceral connotation is not of itself arresting for again it is part of the general image of poetry which, when it is any good, comes certainly from the inner depths—and the sexual ring of "sticky infusion" is predictable and right. But there is an aura of violence (self-destructive, dying) to the visceral imagery of the poems and to the phrase "rank flavor of blood" which stops me, and I want to comment on it.

In the porcupine poem the self-pain is quite specific:

In my time I have
crouched, quills erected,
Saint
Sebastian of the
sacred heart, and been
beat dead with a locust club
on the bare snout.

And in the bear poem the figure of the poet's dream (himself) is "stabbed twice from within" (compare the "self-stabbing coil/ of bristles reversing" in the porcupine poem) while the trail of generative blood behind the dying bear is related to the umbilical cord or life line of the producing poet. This figure of the agonized generative trail is repeated in "The Porcupine" and in the third poem which makes up this final section of the book, "Testament of a Thief." In the latter poem it takes the form of a pewkworm whose path, as it is drawn out of the body "by winding him up on a matchstick/ a quarter turn a day for the rest of your days" creates a "map of my innards," that is, a poem of the interior life. In the former poem it is figured in the strung-out intestines of the shot porcupine who "paying out gut heaved/ and spartled through a hundred feet of goldenrod" before dying.

Poetry is a wandering trail of blood and bear shit. It is a pewkworm wound through a hole in the buttocks or cheeks of a man. It is the tree-hooked entrails of a porcupine. The images are all repulsive and they are all figures of the slow destruction of the self. They remind specifically of George Barker's description of poetry: "I give you the image of the captive of the Gaels whose torture was to . . . unwind his intestines around a tree, for this is the poet . . . whose bowels are wound around Eden tree in coils at once agonizing and glorious. I mean each turn is a poem." Kinnell writes very similarly, "I have come to myself empty, the rope/ strung out behind me/in the fall sun/suddenly glorified with all my blood."

The idea of the poet as masochist emerges. Sartre levels the accusation tellingly in *Literature and Existentialism*. But I would insist that poetry is not a record of self-destructive experiences. Rather, it is often a record of recovery from them. It is not the blood-soaked shit of a dying bear. Rather, it is the gold into which that stuff is turned by the magus gift of the poet. Thus the horse droppings in a poem of James Wright's "blaze into golden stones." But perhaps this is basically what Kinnell means by putting his poetics inside a poem, like a hunter inside a bear which shelters and transforms him into something fecund, dreaming.

On the other hand, if the content of Kinnell's bear poem does really have a masochistic bias to it, then this emphasis is (quite brilliantly and purposefully) weakened by the choice of a form in which the material is repeated from a dream inside the poem. For the meaning of the dream-within-the-dream Freud has said is often to put down the significance of the content so displayed, to say in effect "it was only a dream."

These two poems are very rich and mind-seizing and might be seen in other ways. I want finally to mention two other angles of vision: One might look at the images of porcupine gut, pewkworm and bear trail simply as derivative from or extensions of the figure of the poet into something quite real (the poem). And one might look at the immersion of the hunter in the warm, colorful vitals of the bear as a figure of the contemporary poet who, withdrawn at last from libraries and from psychoanalysis (the book of himself), steeps himself instead in the pied field of human experience, partly revolting, partly serene and beautiful—like the porcupine amid the mud and the goldenrod.

Plath: A Terrible Perfection

GARY KISSICK
Mr. Kissick is record reviewer for the Daily Iowan. *He is a member of the Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa and is currently writing a book-length study of Sylvia Plath's poetry.*

> The issues of our time which preoccupy me at the moment are the incalculable genetic effects of fallout and a documentary article on the terrifying, mad, omnipotent marriage of big business and the military in America—("Juggernaut: The Warfare State," by Fred J. Cook in *The Nation*, October 28, 1961). Does this influence the kind of poetry I write? Yes, but in a sidelong fashion. I am not gifted with the tongue of Jeremiah, though I may be sleepless enough before my vision of the apocalypse. My poems do not turn out to be about Hiroshima, but about a child forming itself finger by finger in the dark. They are not about the terrors of mass extinction, but about the bleakness of the moon over a yew tree in a neighboring graveyard.

The above quote from an essay by Sylvia Plath in *London Magazine* (1962) may well prove to be a prose key to her art, to understanding the relationship between her daily preoccupations and the preoccupations of her poetry. Fred Cook's article is a well-documented indictment of the military-industrial complex whose policies are leading us into World War III. It judges specific actions by specific people.

In her two books of poetry, *The Colossus* (Knopf) and *Ariel* (Harper & Row), Plath also indicts; but her poetry contains no national figures, no current events. It is about subjects such as "the moon over a yew tree." Here is the opening of the poem which she holds up as an example of her art's transfiguration—"The Moon and the Yew Tree."

This is the light of the mind, cold and planetary.
The trees of the mind are black.

It is to here that Plath has traced the terrors of the modern world—to the mind, where there is blackness; more specifically to *her* mind where the blackness is bathed in that cold piercing vision, that unrelenting perception, which proved to be her gift to art as well as the source of her own demise. (Sylvia Plath committed suicide in 1963.) There is no escape in her mind; there is no optimistic faith in good, there is only despair:

The moon is no door. It is a face in its own right,
White as a knuckle and terribly upset.
It drags the sea after it like a dark crime; it is quiet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEARCH

But for whom do I look?
The whole long night you will see
me walk
or maybe during the day
watch me pass by.
But I do not wander—
It is a search. For I stop here,
or here, wherever people gather.
Depot, restaurant, bar.
But whom do I seek?
You will see me coming back
perhaps at dawn. Sometimes
the faces seem like tombs.
I have tried to read the names
so long my eyes darken in their graves
of bone. (The bodies of our eyes
lie side by side
and do not touch.)
But for whom do I look? My search
is not for wife, daughter or for son
for time to time
it has taken me from them.
Or has wrenched me from my friend:
I will abruptly leave him,
and I do not go home.
For whom do I seek? Out of what fear?
It is not for queers,
for my search leads me from their bars.
It is not for whores,
since I reject their wares,
or another time may not.
Then for whom do I look?
When I was young I thought
I wanted (yearned for) older age.
Now I think I hunt with so much rage
that I will risk or lose
family or friends for the ghost of my you
Thus I do not know for what I look.
Father? Mother?
The father who will be the mother?
Sister who will be the brother?
Often I hunt in the families of others—
until hope scatters.
I will call up friend or student at night
or I will fly
to see them—will bask and heal in
the warm
places of their homes.
And I must not be alone
no matter what needs be done,
for then my search is ended.
So now the panicked thumbs of my
poem pick
through the grill. They poke the lock
and put out a hand and then an arm.
The limbs of my poems
come within your reach.
Perhaps it is You whom I seek.

JOHN LOGAN

With the O-gape of complete despair.
I live here.

The moon is my mother. She is not
sweet like Mary.
Her blue garments unloose small bats
and owls.
How I would like to believe in tender-
ness—

The positing of her mind as a moon-bathed landscape gives evidence to Charles Newman's assertion in *Tri-Quarterly* (1966) that Plath shared

> Thoreau's microscopic vision that the structure of the self suggests the structure of the universe, that nature is an organic externality of the soul.

But Plath was disillusioned with her own soul, sometimes terrified. In her poetry she projects her inner nightmares on the world around her, as when the elm tree says to her, "How your bad dreams possess and endow me." In "Elm"

The moon, also, is merciless: she
would drag me
Cruelly, being barren.

in the same manner as "It drags the sea after it like a dark crime."

In "The Munich Mannequins" Plath says of the mind's cold, planetary vision—

Perfection is terrible, it cannot have
children.
Cold as snow breath, it tamps the
womb

Where the yew trees blow like hydras,
The tree of life and the tree of life

Unloosing their moons, month after
month, to no purpose.

Here, Plath has made an interesting reversal. The moon is not now shining on the yew; but instead, becomes each seed cone on the tree of life. Still maintaining a superior position in the hierarchy, however, is the unrelenting and accurate vision of the mind—"Perfection," "Cold as snow breath." It is this accurate vision that makes life sterile, thereby precluding the possibility of hope. Plath goes on in this poem to equate human beings with the mannequins—due to her cold vision, humans do not really ever get beyond that blank barren stage that the mannequins represent. Whatever garments the human may don, whatever masks, her mind peels them away.

"Perfection is terrible." There is throughout Plath's work an obvious sense of real terror. It is not merely her interminable perception that is terrible in its perfect ability to sustain itself despite her demands that the visions cease. For Plath the entire universe is a similarly efficient machine—creating and destroying man, producing him from the intangible stuff of darkness, recalling him to it. In Plath's poetry men are neither slowly grown nor decomposed as we know them to be in nature; but they are, instead, constructed and disassembled like dolls, limb by limb, in a truly assembly-line fashion. Plath does not, instead of Hiroshima, write about an embryo growing two hands in the womb; but she writes "about a child forming itself *finger by finger* in the dark." In "Words for a nursery" a child's hand speaks—

I learn, good circus
Dog that I am, how
To move, serve, steer food,
Index the arrow,
Thumbhead, blunt helper.
My master's fetcher,
Whipper of itches,
No pocket dozer,
I shut on the key
of this blue-green toy.

. . .

Ill-served he'll be when
Age manhandles me
(A crab to nap on
Chair arm and tables,
Five wickless candles
To wag at the dark)

In "The Stones" Plath makes an assembly-line terror out of reincarnation (for if children are made of the same darkness that the dead become, there *is*, in a sense, reincarnation).

The grafters are cheerful,

Heating the pincers, hoisting the deli-
cate hammers.
A current agitates the wires
Volt upon volt. Catgut stitches my
fissures.

A workman walks by carrying a pink
torso.
The storerooms are full of hearts.
This is the city of spare parts.

My swaddled legs and arms smell
sweet as rubber.
Here they can doctor heads, or any
limb.
On Fridays the little children come

To trade their hooks for hands.
Dead men leave eyes for others.
Love is the uniform of my bald nurse.

Love is the bone and sinew of my
curse.
The vase, reconstructed, houses
The elusive rose.

Ten fingers shape a bowl for shadows.
My mendings itch. There is nothing to
do.
I shall be good as new.

"The Applicant" is queried

Do you wear
A glass eye, false teeth, or a crutch,
A brace or a hook,
Rubber breasts or a rubber crotch.

Stitches to show something's missing?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and is offered a woman

Naked as paper to start

But in twenty-five years she'll be silver,
In fifty, gold.
A living doll, everywhere you look.
It can sew, it can cook,
It can talk, talk, talk.

In "Getting There" we have as a sight at a train stop

Legs, arms piled outside
The tent of unending cries—
A hospital of dolls.

The box car which Plath rides in "Getting There" is a last desperate hope for peace and an end to destruction. But because Plath *is* in a *boxcar*, we know her hope to be false—as false as the hope of the Jews box-carred for "resettlement." Thus, those last four lines present us with a tremendously bitter and sarcastic comment on the chances of man's history ever recording a chapter that is not replete with suffering.

When Plath plays Clytemnestra she does not merely warn of the dangers of the military-industrial complex; but she warns, instead, of the horror present when potential destruction is intricately linked with assembly-line creation. This is the case in the terribly efficient universe. That man actually aids in his own humiliation is most terrifying. That a "Nazi lampshade" ("Lady Lazarus") is made of human flesh, is a fact that should be incomprehensible; but the cold, planetary vision of Sylvia Plath's mind gives a blue illumination to the black trees of its own landscape. Plath knows man's mind to be *capable* rather than *accidental*. There are no excuses. This is from "Fever 103°":

Radiation turned it white
And killed it in an hour.

Greasing the bodies of adulterers
Like Hiroshima ash and eating in.
The sin. The sin.

Plath's insistent and true perception had told her that she, herself, was a machine-made machine.

A Line to the City

THE CITIES. *By Paul Blackburn. Grove Press—Evergreen original. 157 pp. $2.95 paper.*

ALLEN PLANZ
Mr. Planz's latest book of poetry is Heir to Anger *(Swallow Press).*

This book, the first full-sized presentation of Paul Blackburn's poems, reminded me of the things said of his work in the years it was widely published but never adequately collected. Of contemporary American poets, he has been reputed to have the best "ear," to be in the firmest control of the line break, to be the most persistently experimental younger poet in the innovative tradition advanced in our times by Pound and Williams. This book abundantly demonstrates those virtues, and more: it presents the work of a master poet. Unfortunately, many of the poems for which he is justly famed are not here—I think, for instance, of that wildly inventive "alphabet" poem that M. L. Rosenthal rescued for his anthology of British and American poetry. Blackburn literally needs lots of space, and while he has the wit and grace to snap out incisive short poems, he also has the power to sustain marvelously long constructions. The rich, multifarious music of *The Cities* is at once fulfillment and prelude.

Most contemporary poets, attempting to bring their craft into greater consciousness, heightened self-awareness, settle for a style which if not ruthlessly evolved can lose freshness and become mannerist. But Blackburn's forms remain open, fluid, expansive; his awareness of language—his love of it—carries a dedication that identifies it at the heart of the creative act. Each poem has its own measure, discovered by the poet's voice (which can whisper, sing, harangue, yell, talk quietly or loudly—and all in one poem). "Sirventes" is an extravagant example.

And he succeeds in making you hear. Blackburn redirects one's attention to the act of reading creatively, so that one hears more, even while reading silently. His repertoire of technical devices—which another poet would invoke to combat rhetoric—are used to convey the precise reading of the poem, to orchestrate the silences within it and without, to reveal nuances and depths previously unsuspected in the most casual word. Here is "Phone Call to Rutherford" in full:

"It would be—
a mercy if
you did not come see me . . .

"I have dif-fi / culty
speak-ing, I
cannot count on it, I
am afraid it would be too em-
ba
rass-ing
for me ."

—Bill, can you still
answer letters?

Publicly revealed for the first time—with an explanatory introduction—by **CORLISS LAMONT**

The complete stenographic transcript of

THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN BY THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

BERTRAND RUSSELL says:
"A fascinating and tragic case... I commend this book in the hope that it will remind the present generation of what they owe to those such as Dr. Lamont who have fought bravely for civil liberty."

Many a conservative will lift his eyebrows in amused amazement, and many a liberal will blush for shame on reading this on-the-record account of the stormy meeting in 1940 at which the Board of Directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, by a closely split vote, expelled Miss Flynn from the Board, primarily because she was a member of the Communist Party.

Reading this book, one wonders who was really on trial: Elizabeth Gurley Flynn or the American Civil Liberties Union itself?

A salient feature of this timely book is the section compiled by Dr. Lamont (then a Board Member of ACLU and one of the participants at the trial) which presents the text of important exhibits and related documents, including ACLU's own 1939 pamphlet "Why We Defend Free Speech for Nazis, Fascists and Communists."

Beyond its historical importance, this book has special relevance today because the Civil Liberties Union has recently made mandatory new political tests for its officers and staff of the same general nature that led to the expulsion of Miss Flynn.

At your bookstore $5.95

HORIZON PRESS
156 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"no . my hands
are tongue-tied . You have . . . made

a record in my heart.
Goodbye.

Blackburn is really concerned with, and immersed in, the vitality of language, the American language, as it is spoken, felt, and heard. Robert Frost claimed that his own greatest gift was in getting the sound of his voice in his lines. It is also Blackburn's gift. Other voices, sounds, noises, events, and even things get in too, as the organic unity of the poem directs—though, to be sure, they sometimes get in the way, when, as relief, they lower the textural intensity of the poem. The risks Blackburn runs are enormous, but worth it.

There are many masterly pieces in the book: "How To Get Up Off It," "Faces I," "Bryant Park," "Phone Call to Rutherford," "Ritual IX." Plus a lot of fun, hilarity, joking and clowning, that give this book an unusual character, the work of an original man.

In a prefatory note Blackburn tells us the book "is the construct out of my own isolations, eyes, ears, nose, and breath, my recognitions of those constructs not my own that I can live in. The Cities." The poems in this book, then, reveal an unyielding, existential engagement with the metropolis—using all the resources of language to explore what concerns the poet. Yet these recognitions do not resolve into rites of passage, or abscond to myth: rather, they expand to a vision that, for all its gentleness, its celebration of passion and youth and craft, is essentially tragic. Hence the resonance of the remarkable technical proficiency becomes finally song, eloquence, out of which the paradigm of the book becomes clear. Our cities. On this score, Blackburn is our most engaged poet.

Seferis the Greek

COLLECTED POEMS 1924-1955. *By George Seferis. Translated, edited and introduced by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard. Princeton University Press. 490 pp. $10.*

JOHN ARTHOS

Mr. Arthos teaches English at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Dante, Michaelangelo and Milton *(Hillary) and* Language of Natural Description in Eighteenth Century Poetry *(Octagon), and is presently preparing a book on Greek life.*

The ties that bind modern Greece to ancient are partly in the language as such, partly in what the same mountains and sea demand of the people, but chiefly in what we do not ordinarily relate to classical antiquity, the Greek church. Greek Christianity has preserved more of the ancient feeling for the pervasive divinity in the soil and sea and sky than religions in the West, but most significantly it has never diluted the idea of the majesty of God, the majesty of Christ Pancrator being very like that which Homer ascribes to Zeus. Strangely enough it is this idea of majesty that helps foreigners establish the most confident communications with Greeks, since it is this that underlies what is the dominating characteristic of modern Greece and of antiquity alike—the cult of individuality. Each man is the important thing he is because God, in man's image, is the important thing He is. Any traveler coming to Greek shores from the Nile Valley or Mesopotamia or Israel is immediately invigorated, the first words he meets tell him he is being valued for his own sake, he is once more an individual in his own right.

It is a more profound and satisfying recognition of his desire to be taken on his own terms than even France affords. When we understand what this signifies I think we are on our way to valuing the special interest of modern Greek poetry. For all their cosmopolitanism the Greek poets never deny this quality of their being. Many of them have grown up in Paris and London and Berlin, they have caught on to positivism and existentialism and the whole spectrum of comparative studies, but as Greeks they have, perhaps uniquely, so profound a sense of individual dignity that they are continually being compelled to pass judgment upon the very modernity they are so sensitive to, to pass judgment from the certain truth that every Greek is as much on his own as Odysseus, and Oedipus and Antigone, and as jealous of his capacity to confront all change.

But here surely it is not only the tradition of Byzantine arrogance and of Orthodox majesty that sustains them, the language also does with what it brings over from the past. The word *man* for an American is just a word; for a Greek it is *andros* and *anthropos*, words Odysseus and Elpenor and their long lines of descendants have known. A certain intimacy with the past thus saves Seferis from as complete an alienation from history as afflicted his masters, Pound and Eliot. Seferis says that Odysseus "speaks humbly and calmly, without effort, as though he were my father." With such words and such simplicity he is able to bridge ancient and modern worlds, and he even succeeds in getting outside the deracinated, skeptical, fragmented mentality of the great modern capitals:

how strangely you gain strength
communing with the dead
when the living who remain are no
longer enough.

I imagine that he who'll rediscover life,
in spite of so
much paper, so many emotions, so
many debates and so
much teaching, will be someone like
us, only with a
slightly tougher memory.

If this is a key to the tone and the success of Seferis, as it is of Cavafy, there is of course much else in Seferis' achievement, in the scope of his undertaking. For one thing, the body of his work reveals an enormous landscape at once real and grotesque—sea, hills, caves beneath the sea, the battlefields of Marathon and El Alamein, the Trojan Plains, the second Coming of Christ, and in the sea off Cyprus the Second Coming of Aphrodite. In this beautiful and terrible landscape are seen the very processes of history and pre-history by which universes come into being and pass away—stones are created out of nothing and out of consciousness, and the proud consciousness of even the Sons of Odysseus turns into stone—

I thought of playing a tune and then
I was ashamed of
the other world
the one that watches me from beyond
the night from within
my light
woven of living bodies, naked hearts
and love that belongs to the Furies
as it belongs to man and to stone and
to water and to grass

And I looked again at that body
ascending;
people had gathered like ants,
and they struck her with lances but
didn't wound her.
Her belly now shone like the moon
And I thought the sky was the womb
that bore her and now took her back,
mother and child.
Her feet stayed marble still
and vanished: an Assumption.

Voices out of the stone out of sleep
deeper here where the world darkens,
memory of toil rooted in the rhythm
beaten upon the earth by feet
forgotten

But moderns who try to connect past and present generations, who establish a perspective that will justify the sig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nificance they continue to attach to their own existence, as often draw despair from their reflections as hope. This is often the doubtful conclusion for Seferis. Much as he takes comfort in identifying his adventures with those of the Argonauts, or in identifying himself with Elpenor, or in imagining himself a witness of the Assumption, he is stricken by the knowledge that generation after generation races to its destiny. The constant measure of the hateful destiny is war. Poems glance at the German invasion of Crete, at exile in Alexandria and London, at fighting in the streets of the cities, and it comes down to this—the German tanks are but the descendants of the chariots on the plains of Troy with wheels bearing whirling scythes to cut down all in their way:

those who saw dawn through the mist
of death
or, in wild solitude beneath the stars,
felt upon them the huge dark eyes
of total disaster;
and those again who prayed

The influence of Eliot upon Seferis can hardly be exaggerated—the focus on the poet questioning himself, the turns of phrase mingling the commonplace with reminders of the heroic age, the elevation of the trivial by the mere music of conversation. Without Eliot one might wonder how he could have become a poet. And the obligations to Pound are nearly as impressive; he has been his best pupil in adopting his lucid way of forming pictures, without epithets, without expansion, simply by a certain syntactical spareness in merely naming names—

Between two bitter moments you don't
have time even to breathe
between your face and your face
the tender arm of a child that takes
shape and vanishes.

But when one compares Eliot's and Pound's ideas of the waste of modern life with Seferis' idea of the annihilation of all promise, one sees a very different counterbalance in the Greek poet:

I am sorry for having let a broad
river pass through my fingers
without drinking a single drop.
Now I'm sinking into the stone.
A small pine-tree in the red soil
is all the company I have.
Whatever I love vanished with the
houses
that were new last summer
and collapsed in the autumn wind.

The spirit of Greek religion, whether ancient or modern, continues its assertions more insistently than do the more nostalgic evocations of Eliot:

So I continued along the dark path
and turned into my garden and dug and
buried the reed
and again I whispered: some morning
the resurrection will come,
dawn's dew will glisten like trees in
spring,
and sea will be born again, and the
wave will again fling
forth Aphrodite.
We are the seed that dies. And I en-
tered my empty house.

As I see it, Seferis has extended what he has brilliantly learned from the inspirations of Eliot and Pound and the surrealists into a sustained conception of a rather vaster scene of human history, asserting a more insistently individual note to the music of his speech, a firmer strength in the sound of the verse that communicates the idea of something nearly indestructible in mere individuality. He relates his idea of annihilation as the eternal preoccupation of history not merely to the tyranny of brute force but to the tyranny of the divine, and he ends by falling back upon himself, which for him means to fall back upon the Greek conception of the majesty of the individual—whether or not it is an empty house he is entering.

This edition with Greek and English on opposite pages is splendidly made.

CONSENSUS®

CONSENSUS is a game of strategy (not chance) based on the electoral college system of electing the President of the United States.

No dice, cards, spinners, or other chance devices are involved in the game.

In **CONSENSUS,** players compete to become the leading candidate in individual states and also to win the support of powerful voter interest groups, such as Catholic, Negro, Farmers, Southerners, the Military-Industrial Complex, etc.

The 14-color playing board represents actual population distributions, economic factors, regional forces, ethnic groupings, and other voter interest groups that are of importance in presidential and other elections. The statistics on which the game is based are from the latest Federal Census, and other political and historical sources. The Voter Interest Groups include White Collar, Blue Collar, Agriculture, Negro, Catholic, Foreign, Bible Belt, High Education, the Military-Industrial Complex, Oil, the Mid Midwest, Bell-Wether, Appalachia, and the South.

CONSENSUS is for 2-4 candidates

SCIENTIFIC GAMES

Box 427

Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107

Please send ———— copies of **CONSENSUS** at $7.95 (add 4% if Michigan resident)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ELEGY FOR THE POET MORGAN BLUM

Morgan the lonely,
Morgan the dead,
Has followed his only
Child into a vast
Desolation.
When I heard he was going
I tried to blossom
Into the boat beside him,
But I had no money.

When I went in to see him,
The nurse said no.
So I snuck in behind her.
And there they were.
They were there, for a moment
Red Jacket, Robert Hayman,
H. Phelps Putnam,
And sweet Ted Roethke,
A canary and a bear.

They looked me over,
More or less alive.
They looked at me, more
Or less out of place.
They said, get out,
Morgan is dying.
They said, get out,
Leave him alone.

We have no kings
In this country,
They kept saying.

But we have one
Where the dead rise
On the other shore.
And they hear only
The cold owls throwing
Salt over
Their secret shoulders.

So I left Morgan,
And all of them alone.
And now I am so lonely
For the air I want to breathe.
Come breathe me, dark prince.
And Morgan lay there
Clean shaved like a baby
By the nurse who said no.
And so a couple
Of years ago
The old poets died
Young.

And now the young,
Scarlet on their wings, fly away
Over the marshes.

JAMES WRIGHT

THE WELL-DWELLERS
(Lomas de Atzingo)

The hawk hangs in its fathoms
over the wild fig tree,
where Doña Porfiria sits in her clerestory of leaves
with an apron of shade and a pasta of wool
on her knees.

Turning the wool
on the square and her spindle of nails, she weaves
skin of the sky on the nude and carnivorous
colors from a ravel of threads on her lap.
A parakeet sharpens its quill on the tin of a cage.
A fig shows its flint
and the ripe avocado
packs its green marzipan under a nap of enamel.

The hawk looks the other way:
a thread in the skein
leads to the gravel-pits, the tar-paper splints
and the dove-cotes of Atzingo's well-dwellers,
the undesperate poor
whose courts are the floor of the mines—a ceramic
of pumice
when the Falls of Saint Anthony lowers its twine
in the drought; or floating its coops and geraniums in midsummer
mud that drops from a cut in the stone
and colors the rooftops with blood.

Doña Porfiria sleeps in the bomb-burst of figs
and ripe avocados. The ball on her knees
rolls away to the edge of a precipice
where the barrio, caught
in its deathly siesta, immobile as bone,
glows on the flint of the square.

There is red on the spikes
as the hawk strikes.

BEN BELITT

AMERICA

I keep trying to read
this book entitled America.

The author died an unknown dreamer
more than a century ago,
plotting the absurdities
of a hero who never reaches
the western shore.

It is a story of blood
and deprivation,
of disenchantment because
one horizon never flowered
like the memory of another.
Of waterholes watched
by laughing skulls,
prairies seeded with bones,
and clouds that refused
to acknowledge the evening.

Perhaps it is not a book at all,
and I hold in my hands
a bundle of riddled pulp
saved from a shipwreck.

But it is the only book I have,
and I go on trying to read it:
to lean back at the end,
exhausted, half-convinced
that neither the author,
nor the country,
nor the hero, ever existed.

JOHN HAINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECRET MEANING OF THINGS

A touch of old surrealism today
at a stoplight in La Jolla
Lotte Lehmann
on the car radio
singing in German 1919
sounding like an old newsreel
of a drowning valkyrie
A Blue Rider appears & the light changes
to tomorrow on the blue grass
of Reinhard Lettau's backyard
listening to Marlene Dietrich moan
"Johnny" she sings in smokey German
"Johnny when your birthday comes
I'll be your guest all night
Johnny I love you so much
If you only had a birthday every day
How about coming some afternoon
at half-past four?"
During the song I go to the phone
and call my half-sister
We have never been very close
yet we have
I make a date for lunch
and the song ends
in a Berlin cellar
Reinhard in his Jean-Paul Sartre glasses
and Véronique his Berlin chick
with the deep black eye-circles
and a Mao Tse Tung button
go with me for lunch
to a straight sea food place
near the airport
My sister orders Blue Fish
and after some debate
we get Marine Bowls looking like
frozen dead aquariums
of shrimp squid scallops
stuck in mayonnaise they
can't swim thru
We succeed in eating them
with conversations about
frozen Siberia
Check Point Charley
and the Berlin Hilton
My sister's mother
also comes up
distantly
like a beautiful white iceberg
seen off the port bow
closer than one had expected
yet still unapproachable
We skirt the subject carefully
knowing that most of the story
is underwater
yet uncertain where it ends
(She is in fact at this moment
approaching us on a South Seas cruise ship
soon to dock)
We end up at the airport
where I emplane alone
for San Francisco
In the upper air there are no white icebergs
and also no Blue Angels
What is this place
where no sea maid's song
may reach us
and what is the secret meaning
of this poem adrift in air
Everyday the news get more surreal
Dark crowds still flow over London Bridge
even as it is transported
stone by stone
to Arizona
And every day
a line of love's battleships is sunk
by invisible fish
And there are days
when I see all too clearly
And there are days
when I am everyone I meet
A cold goddess in miniskirt
collects my ticket
& adjusts my seat

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

IF YOU WILL

Shall I pull the curtains against the coming night?
No, there is still a fine sun in the tree tops; let them be.
All right; now it is darker; shall I now
Close out the dark? You will close out the light.
All right; how quick the dark comes. But see the moon
Flood as it floods the earth even this room.
Moonlight is time to sleep; shall I draw now
Curtains against the cold? It's summer weather.
Shall I? If you will; and light will pass
Beyond your life that stands beyond the glass.

JOSEPHINE MILES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Intimacy

AFTER EXPERIENCE. *By W. D. Snodgrass. Harper & Row. 92 pp. $4.95.*

GALLOWS SONGS. *By Christian Morgenstern. Translated by W. D. Snodgrass and Lore Segal. Illustrations by Paul Klee. University of Michigan Press. 124 pp. $7.95.*

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English department at the State University at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, Changing the Windows *(Ohio University Press) and of* The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell *(University of Michigan Press).*

Reading the poetry of W. D. Snodgrass is a humanizing experience. Each poem enlarges the sensibility to turmoil and loveliness so that, when finished reading, one is more likely to risk intimate feelings publicly. However doomed these feelings may be in a world of hostile technology, their expression enlists the prospect of a lovelier world—assuredly for oneself, possibly for others. In the growing massive brute force of technology, that is a risk worth taking. This was the experience of *Heart's Needle* when it appeared in 1959; this is also the experience of *After Experience* and *Gallows Songs*, the last a translation of Christian Morgenstern in collaboration with Lore Segal. Yet the method of achieving this humanizing sense in the face of possible total cultural extinction is not by moral but by precept. One envies the universe through which Snodgrass moves, and this envy, not moralizing exhortation, prompts the emulation. In addition, this ability to work positively —to suggest emulation— separates Snodgrass from many of his contemporaries and goes far toward explaining his peculiar successes with confessional poetry.

The usual method that one encounters for gaining and preserving humanity has been to separate inner and outer selves so that while, like a Walter Mitty, an outer self conforms to the impacts of technology, the inner self rages unchecked in a secret life. That was the way of Robert Lowell in *For the Union Dead*, and typified the approach of a generation weaned on Batman, Superman and Captain Marvel. It was certainly the approach of Saul Bellow in *Herzog* and described so vividly by him in *Recent American Fiction:*

> Laboring to maintain himself, or perhaps an idea of himself (not always a clear idea), he feels the pressure of a vast public life, which may dwarf him as an individual while permitting him to be a giant in hatred or fantasy. In these circumstances he grieves, he complains, rages or laughs. All the while he is aware of his lack of power, his inadequacy as a moralist, the nauseous pressure of the mass media and the weight of money and organization, of cold war and racial brutalities.

But this is not the method of Snodgrass, who in "Orpheus" defined the role of the poet actively as a futile but necessary attempt at rescuing Eurydice (vision) from a world ruled "by graft or debt,/Within whose mortgage all men live." As such, he anticipated in *Heart's Needle* Timothy Leary's advice that if one wished to remain humane, he "tune in and drop out," and like Leary's, his "dropping out" is a collective rather than an individual action. It results not in a tragic vision where the individual mythically confronts the Other but in a social underground of rescued rejects. This underground is rife with weirs, bars and cages, and seeks to define that "only reality which a man," according to Snodgrass, "can ever surely know"—"that self he cannot help being." But unlike Leary's, Snodgrass' method of tuning in has never been to acid or to pot. It has been a refusal to compromise dreams, particularly as they relate to those closest to him—his girl, his daughter, his wife, his son.

Rather than professionally based, his refusals to compromise dreams stay on a domestic plane where one's most primitive and most lasting experiences occur. To emphasize this sense, Snodgrass chooses a colloquial tone, incorporating the clichés and cadences of ordinary conversation. He also uses basically conventional stanza forms, shifting from the narrative quatrain to song forms and occasionally to free verse; but only once, in "Van Gogh: 'The Starry Night,'" does he attempt the kind of experimentation in "field" poetry advocated by followers of William Carlos Williams.

Snodgrass is aided in his intent by his own seemingly miraculous embodiment as an individual of the age's stereotype. Contemporary experience seems to become a part of him. We know from his writings that he is a college professor writing poetry at a time when poets and poetry readers are in the colleges; he lives in suburbia, drives a Volkswagen, putters about the garden; he has an unsympathetic wife, overbearing parents, behaved children, experiences the clandestine one-night stand at a motel; and then undergoes the typical nasty divorce and psychoanalysis. In a nation of beauty contests, one of his wives was a minor beauty queen, and he has all of the fashionable interests in folk song, lutes, guitars, the Beatles, belly dancing, etc.

Nor are these faked experiences or interests. Consequently, by writing honestly of them, Snodgrass is able to touch a part of everyone. His confessional mode thus takes on a universality in its particularity—it its very detail—that Lowell's, for example, only occasionally achieves. Lowell has to stand outside himself to become part of the age; Snodgrass does not. There is, as a result, less irrelevant poetry by Snodgrass and less strain in writing, for his own urgency touches the urgency of his readers.

But this typicality hardly makes the job of writing easier; writing honestly of one's self offers more obstacles than not to good poetry. It runs the risk perpetually of leaving things unsaid and obscure or false or overstated. As Snodgrass indicates, the only hope lies in the artist's continually asking himself: "Am I writing what I *really* think? Not what is acceptable; not what my favorite intellectual would think in this situation; not what I wish I felt. Only what I cannot help thinking." This honesty of self also invites a singularity of voice since the "sincere self" it projects resists the possible multiple voices of the dramatic form. Moreover, since by Snodgrass' own admission this "self" is known "through its interactions with the world around it," there is already a taint of other-directedness present in it.

These obstacles require that Snodgrass adapt at least Rainer Maria Rilke's

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 9-16-68
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 foreign)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip No. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advice in *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*: "To write one line, a man ought to see many cities, people, and things; he must learn to know animals and the way of birds in the air, and how little flowers open in the morning. One must be able to think back . . . but it is not enough to have memories. One must be able to forget them and have vast patience until they come again . . . and when they become blood within us, and glances and gestures . . . then first it can happen that in a rare hour the first word of a verse may arise and come forth." "Heart's Needle," for example, began on the back of a program where Snodgrass had scribbled during a piano concert on November 18, 1953: "Child of my winter, born/When the new soldiers died/On the ice hills, when I was torn."

In *Heart's Needle*, the process of the book was one of wresting the self from money and the impingements of technology; in *After Experience*, it is a struggle to preserve this rescued self against new onslaughts. As "A Visitation" suggests, some of the mass guilt, which in *Eichmann in Jerusalem* Hannah Arendt indicates obtains to all who have killed for the benefit of bureaucratic superiors, is visited upon the speaker situated historically amidst a Vietnamese conflict. In the ghost of Adolf Eichmann, the poet sees himself doubly as the opposite and image of the mass murderer. Likewise, in "After Experience Taught Me . . ." the "futile and vain . . . ordinary/Surroundings of social life" oppose directions for killing a man when "you get caught without a knife." In "Lying Awake," through the image of a moth, Snodgrass illuminates the apathy of people to the violence about them, as his lovers learn to "take things as they are."

Thus the whole movement of the first volume is reversed. Where its poems had begun with harsh images that turned mild, the poems here begin with mild images that turn harsh, and nowhere is this alteration more evident than in the volume's five poems based on Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings. There "that great revolution," Snodgrass detects, "in the arts and sciences which began about 1850 and whose central aim was the dissolution of form and matter in every area (artistic, physical, intellectual, emotional, political, religious, domestic)" is embodied in the very forms of the poems "wherein a person is one with all things; that is, where all matter is dissolved." The poems conclude with "Van Gogh: 'The Starry Night,'" which, by juxtaposing poetic forms, attempts to use space as an escape from time.

Even the translations of Morgenstern, done jointly with Lore Segal, are an extension of his own reactions to a hostile technology in the personae of Palmstrom and Korf. Like Oscar Wilde's, Palmstrom's own attitude is that "Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place. . . . Life imitates art far more than Art imitates life." He is contrasted to "drop-out" Korf, who in "The Questionnaire," when sent a bureaucratic form, responds:

"My dear most high commissioner,
The undersigning herein certifies

That after a personal inspection
He has the honor to present himself
Non-existent under the Legislation
. . . ."

In the Snodgrass-Segal translation, the poems are surrounded by a world of Dada animals and illustrations from the work of Paul Klee.

Death Camps of the Free World

THE LICE. *By W. S. Merwin. Atheneum Publishers. 79 pp. Paper $1.95.*

ROBERT HASS
Mr. Hass is a poet who teaches at the State University at Buffalo. His poetry has appeared in the anthology The New American Poets *(Follett).*

The best of W. S. Merwin's new poems have a strange kind of disembodied intensity, as if someone had taken a volume of smooth, knowing, confessional verse and shaken out of it real poems of fear and wonder. Merwin has been associated with those American poets who have turned to European and Latin American masters for a poetry of deep images and a will to liberate the unconscious in American poetry. Insofar as he is working in this vein, the shock of Merwin's book lies in the haunted and uncertain creature that he liberates. The reader gets, not an infusion of new life but the pale vision of a convict whose knowledge of death and the nature of authority is intimate:

New ghost is that what you are
Standing on the stairs of water

No longer surprised

Hope and grief are still our wings
Why we cannot fly

What failure still keeps you
Among us the unfinished

The wheels go on praying

Merwin's procedure is often the same—lines bare and unpunctuated on the page, abrupt shifts from stanza to stanza, the suppression of any firm sense of the poem's occasion—and the effect, in the most successful poems, is a remarkable urgency of movement coupled with an odd feeling of disorientation. Without commas and periods to anchor the statements, Merwin's diction skitters with an apparent randomness and a sense of quickened fear. The last part of "The Hydra" which takes up the idea of "us the unfinished" is a good example:

A long time ago the lightning was
practicing
Something I thought was easy

I was young and the dead were in other
Ages
As the grass had its own language

Now I forget where the difference falls

One thing about the living sometimes a piece of us
Can stop dying for a moment
But you the dead

Once you go into those names you go on you never
Hesitate
You go on

This poem is about the fear of death, but more than that it is about Merwin's sense that life is a nameless hurtling toward the fixed identity of death—which the rudderless movement of the poem accurately conveys. The images which seem strange at first are also accurate. "The piece of us" that can stop dying for a moment is like lightning, and the fact that it seemed to be "practicing" underscores the illusory nature of any hope of final illumination. The reader supplies such connections in most of the poems and in doing so he enters the affective life of the poet.

One of Merwin's best known poems from an earlier collection, "The Drunk

INTEGRATED HOUSING AS AN INVESTMENT
M-REIT MUTUAL REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUST
Objective: to invest in income-producing real estate in good neighborhoods and offer housing to all.
▶ Send for free prospectus.
Morris Milgram Dept. ND
Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust
30 East 42 St., New York 10017
Name
Address
Zip
This advertisement is not an offering. No offering is made except by a prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York. The Attorney General of the State of New York has not passed on, or endorsed the merits of this offering.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Furnace," describes the noises issuing from a furnace in a littered vacant lot. In a comic way it announced the existence of the unconscious life, but it seems to me now to be a suburban genre poem of the fifties which comes out on the side of nonrational life without telling us anything about it. The point of view of the poem is that of an observer and its manner is descriptive. The impressive thing about *The Lice* is that it tries to take us inside the drunk inside the furnace and to tell us how things feel from there. This is especially successful in the poems about politics or about authority. Robert Creeley has remarked that certain kinds of descriptive poetry tend to perpetuate the evils they describe. Merwin's poems like "Unfinished Book of Kings," "I Live Up Here" and "Caesar" have the value of describing from the inside the irrationality of the political world and the way in which authority has become a form of internal coercion. "Caesar," which is frightening but touched by a sort of gallows wit, is worth quoting in full:

My shoes are almost dead
And as I wait at the doors of ice
I hear the cry go up for him Caesar
Caesar

But when I look out the windows I see
only the flatlands
And the slow vanishing of the windmills
The centuries draining the deep fields

Yet this is still my country
The thug on duty says What would you
change
He looks at his watch he lifts
Emptiness out of vases
And holds it up to examine

So it is evening
With the rain starting to fall forever

One by one he calls night out of the
teeth
And at last I take up
My duty

Wheeling the president past banks of
flowers
Past the feet of empty chairs
Hoping he's dead

The most curious poem in the book is, perhaps, "The Last One." A narrative about an attempt to destroy a shadow which grows until it consumes the destroyers, the poem is done in a Buster Keaton mask—"Well they'd made up their minds to be everywhere because why not"—with end-stopped lines which create the effect of an idiot sequential logic, as if Faulkner's Benjy were describing a horror movie:

Well the next day started about the
same it went on growing.
They pushed lights into the shadow.
Where the shadow got onto them they
went out.
They began to stamp on the edge it got
their feet.
And when it got their feet they fell
down.
It got into their eyes the eyes went
blind.

There is nothing very tricky about such a parable, although the shadow could be seen as guilt or the fact of death or the denied range of the instinctual life. What makes it eerie is the passivity of tone. The epigraph to the book glosses both the subject and the tone of the poem. It is taken from Heraclitus who tells how Homer was deceived by boys catching lice. They said to him, "What we have caught and what we have killed we left behind, but what has escaped we bring with us." The lice Merwin brings with him are guilt, time, death, all the things we feel and cannot know. His effort in this book is to articulate what he cannot catch, what has caught him, the parasites to which existence is a host. Speaking in the voice of a widow, he says: "Everything that does not need you is real."

Finally it should be said that, despite the successes, many poems in the book are formulistic. The technique of the best poems like "Is That What You Are" and "The Hydra" is repeated throughout, giving one the uneasy feeling that Merwin has discovered not a voice but a method. The haunted voice, when it is convincing, depends on the pressure of psychic necessity which forms a substratum for the rapid shift of images and the rush of new sentences begun without signal at midline. When that does not occur, the result is either the strain of seeing a poem willed into being, as in "It Is March," or easy magic and sentimentality, as in "Glimpses of the Ice."

In the latter poem, the trouble is simply loose, unearned association. The poet sees a moth beating against the window in a cold climate and wonders "if death will be silent after all/Or a frozen cry in another age." In another age Tennyson saw the flower in the cranny and thought of God, not much different and not much worse.

Merwin is capable of lavishly bad writing

As the string of the great kite Sapiens
Cuts our palms
Along predestined places
Leaving us
Leaving
While we find reasons

but generally he strikes off good lines with felicity and assurance. Quoting them, one becomes aware of the extent to which wit has been an instrument of survival. He writes: "Silence the last of the liberty ships had come up the river"; "I remember my homeland the mountains of chaff"; "The night disappears like bruises though nothing is healed"; "And morning the carpet bagger arrives with news of victories."

This gift of Merwin's for surprises and the peculiar emphases his form allows ("The dead were in other/Ages") make these poems look like a different kind of breakthrough than, in fact, they represent. Without an air of instant relevance and without self-dramatization, he has written, from a peculiar depth, American poems of fear, timidity and helplessness in the face of violence and death. They are a poet's poems in the sense that *saying* is their justification. But in a few of them, one has the strange sense that Merwin with a new freedom has begun to write about the concentration camps of the free world.

PUBLICATIONS

OLIVER JONES
by Jack Korshak
HAVE YOU A 7-9 YEAR OLD NIECE OR NEPHEW troubled by the world "integration"? Then give him or her a copy of the beautifully full-color illustrated rhymed story **"OLIVER JONES"** to read and show his teacher. **My husband wrote it for our children.**
Send me $3 for postpaid shipment. (Hardcover). Full refund if you are disappointed.
BETTY KORSHAK
1123 Asbury Ave., Evanston, Ill. 60202

"SELECTED POEMS" of GEORGE FLYNN (Villiers of London—$2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since **Ezra Pound."** —James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at: 145 West 12 Street, New York City 10011.**

PAPERBACK PICK-NIC! You're invited! Free lists used bargains. Hard backs too. **Harco, Box 52-NA, Carmel, Indiana 46032.**

THE CIA IN ALBANIA, first printing, durable Beckett Text. $2. Available from the author: **Gary Kissick, Box 334, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.**

WORLD DEMOCRACY by Bin Dir Woor, Self-Designated Symbolical World President. **Unique. Entrancing. $2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Ave., N.Y.C.** Bin Dir Woor calls on President Johnson to immortalize and transfigure his Administration by calling together a permanent WORLD CONGRESS, of the elected heads of all nations (for one purpose only), to seek to arbitrate or prevent all present and future wars. Readers contact President Johnson.

MY name is Richard. I write books—publish them myself and sell them for $1. Want one? Send your $1 to: **Richard Liebow, 948 Market, #514, San Francisco 94102.**

LITERARY SERVICES

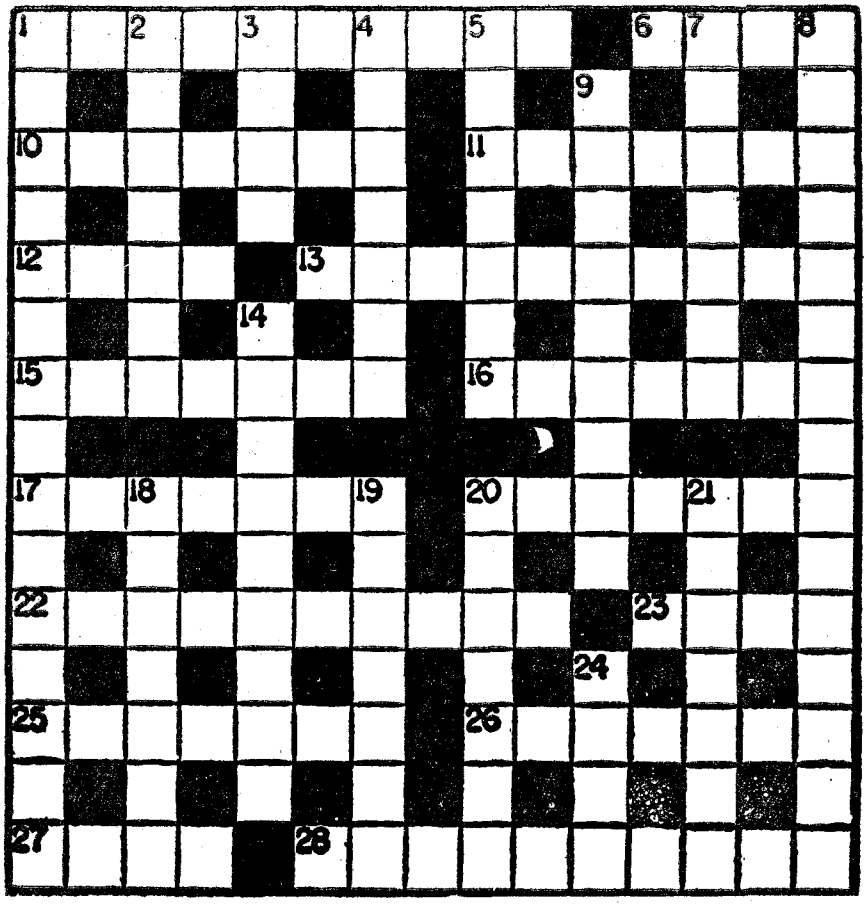
LITERARY "handyman." Talent for humor. Will help enliven your play, speech, report. Piecework, line, paragraph, page. **Box 617, c/o The Nation.**

Advertising Rates
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1263

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 9 down
6 Post on which to put the collar of a horse. (4)
10 In the main, release from pressure. (4, 3)
11 Rub the wrong way, with disputes possibly caused by dirty digs. (7)
12 and 27 Smooths defeat, commonly, perhaps marking the wreckage. (3, 5)
13 Explained how Mad Lucie gets taken out. (10)
15 Holmes seemed to agree to tear tattered ones down. (7)
16 It's plain in Greece where capital in Washington comes from. (7)
17 Exclusive gathering? (2-5)
20 City-dwellers do, but certainly not out of costume. (7)
22 Extreme distances. (4, 3, 3)
23 Dock strike? (4)
25 Ulysses was more likely to be a New Yorker than CIA-oriented. (7)
26 Automation loses out fast, it could be!
27 See 12 across
28 Cast in which characters are assassinated? (10)

DOWN

1 Mimi? Not in this opera! (3, 8, 4)
2 How some might consider 28. (7)
3 Doubtful as to the language or the home of the brave? (4)
4 Envelops. (7)
5 Up-to-date product of Barth's factor. (7)
7 Dance appearing in more than one stage representation. (3-4)
8 But the game of the deuced player needn't continue to be so unfortunate! (15)
9 and 1 across When your days are numbered, this might be considered 8, by some (6, 3, 10)
14 One probably doesn't know if he has it. (9)
18 Concerning diagrams. (7)
19 A false step, and they'll jump on you!
20 Claim to be a husband in the territory of a religious leader? (7)
21 Not quite courageous at a party or show. (7)
24 Do they engage in illegal activities in dives? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1262

ACROSS: 1 Brave New World; 10 Neglect; 11 Gleamed; 12 Retention; 13 Ambit; 14 Please; 16 Windlass; 19 Disowned; 20 Shekel; 22 Local; 23 Ill-at-ease; 25 Frazzle; 26 Adamite; 27 Brassicaceous. DOWN: 2 Right; 3 Viennese Waltzes; 4 Nitwit; 5 Wagon-lit; 6 Open-and-shut case; 7 Lampblack; 8 Undraped; 9 Adit; 15 Easy chair; 17 Silvered; 18 Beriberi; 21 Alpaca; 22 Loft; 24 Adieu.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Business and Personal. Customer's name imprinted. Earn unusually high commissions from this medium- and high-priced line. No investment. No inventory. Free Sample Album. **Process Corp. (our 47th year), 3430 S. 54th Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60650.**

PERSONALS

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized Dating Service (All Ages). "Let **TEAM** Make You a Team". For **FREE** questionnaire write: **TEAM Project, 245 E. 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10016**

SELF-HELP PROGRAM. Non-profit Ecuadorian Organization mails, directly from Ecuador, the best Ecuadorian Handicrafts created by gifted Craftsmen. Write for free colorful catalog: **OCEPA 5, Box 2948, Quito-Ecuador.**

INVEST INTEGRATED HOUSING. Prospectus tells all. Free copy: write **Morris Milgram, Dept. NT, Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust, 30 East 42 Street, N.Y.C. 10017.**

PARTICIPATE in an intriguing nationwide dating project for alert, literate Jewish singles. For FREE literature write, giving age, to: **OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 550 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10036.**

MANUSCRIPT IN TROUBLE? Skilled Pro editor-writer aids authors in revising Mss. for publication. **Box 612, c/o The Nation.**

EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY CAMPUS: unique lecture notes. Hundreds of courses, taken directly in class by professionals from world-famous teachers. $1..$4. Send for free catalog. **Fybate Lecture Notes, Dept. N, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.**

RECONSTRUCT THE SELF through communal, experimental education. **Blake College, 200 N. Jefferson, Eugene, Orgon 97402.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

The Nation
BOOK SERVICE

Offers the following at a discount:

☐ **VIETNAM FOLLY** by Sen. Ernest Gruening and Herbert W. Beaser (National Press, $8.95) **$7.15**

☐ **FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE** by Meyer A. Zeligs (Viking, $8.95) **$7.15**

☐ **THE GOODBYE LAND** by Jose Yglesias (Pantheon, $4.95) **$3.95**

☐ **THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POWER** by Ronald Sampson (Pantheon, $4.95) .. **$3.95**

Remittance accompanying orders should be made payable to THE NATION, 333 6th Ave., N.Y. 10014

Readers can avail themselves of our **regular** offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S. at the retail price post-free. When ordering, please give title, author and publisher.

9-16-68

Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fervent Years

Like the 1960s, the Depression was an era of awakening and struggle. Social, political and economic crises shook America. Yet the commercial theatre tried to remain aloof from the deep antagonisms cleaving our country.

The **Group Theatre** (1931-41) challenged the irrelevancy of Broadway and worked to heighten the social consciousness of its members and audience alike. An experimental theatre, it attempted to integrate writing, acting, producing, costumes—even living. Today's repertory theatre continues its tradition.

In **The Fervent Years**, Harold Clurman, originator of the Theatre, now writing for The NATION, reveals the Group's development—from its inception to its dissolution—and discusses its continuing impact. The book will be a **free gift** to all new subscribers to The NATION who act now.

The good fight is now in THE NATION —Why not join now?

THE NATION 333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10014

☐ I'll join you for 1 year (48 issues). I enclose $10 and understand you'll send me free Harold Clurman's "The Fervent Years."

☐ I'll try you for 6 months (24 issues). Rush me free $5.

(Add $1 postage for Canada & Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED